


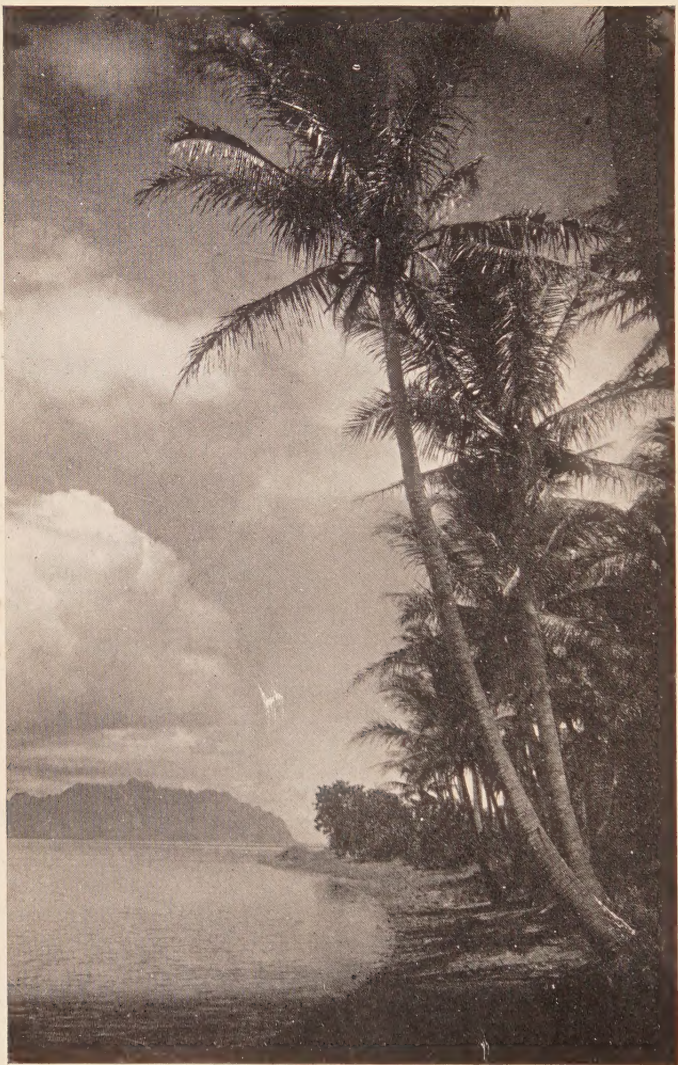


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HAWAII
THE RAINBOW LAND



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KANEOHE BAY, NEAR HONOLULU
Showing a graceful fringe of cocoanut palms.

HAWAII

THE RAINBOW LAND

BY

KATHERINE POPE

NEW YORK

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PUBLISHERS

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DEDICATED TO
IDA POPE
WELL KNOWN AND WELL BELOVED
IN THE ISLANDS

PREFACE

First impressions are keen, but long association gives understanding. I lived in Hawaii ten years. Nine of those years I was closely associated with Hawaiians and had opportunity to gather (though slowly and laboriously) superstition, fact, legend, tale; and to catch some whisperings of the old worship of The Islanders.

I did not eavesdrop; I listened frankly—also respectfully. And because of that they spoke with some freedom, some courage, the girls in my Hawaiian History class in that Honolulu boarding-school for native girls.

As a rule they were not town-reared; they came from all parts of the island group, from remote mountain valley, from cattle range, from coffee-tree slope, from beach place shut off by steep cliffs from easy contact with the outside world. Though of the present, they were primitive, they were real. What they told me was not what they had read, but what they had heard from the lips of their old people; recited with eloquent word and no lack of gesture; in the rest of still noons under wide-spreading, low-

branched trees, or in the idleness of evening spent out under the stars.

Wherefore I knew that those words so softly spoken, so hesitatingly divulged, were worthy of attention and record. While not the untouched old tales, still they were present-day interpretations of those tales. And as such I offer them, believing them more understandable, of more interest, to readers at large, because of having come down from word of mouth from the far-off past to our modern day.

K. P.

June 1, 1924

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PART I
A GLANCE AT THE PAST

Hawaii is a land of mountains, a land of flowers, a land of kindly people.

The famous Volcano of Kilauea is situated on the largest island of the group.

These sea-girt isles are down in low latitudes.

The rain falls easily and gently in Hawaii, even when the sun or moon is shining. Rainbow arch and rainbow-colored mist mark the days; while on nights of bright moonlight there may be fine rain or mist, and then there is seen a thing of rarest beauty, a moonlight rainbow. It may not be wrong to speak of Hawaii as the land of the lunar rainbow.

Looked at on a map, "The Islands" must seem a very remote place.

How, then, did the first people get there and whence came they? That is an interesting question.

Hawaii, The Rainbow Land

I

WHENCE CAME THE HAWAIIANS?

HAWAII lies there lonely in the great ocean. To reach this little group of islands from any one of the four points of the compass, the voyager must cross wide waters. They lie near no mainland, and they are far off from other island groups. In the long, long ago who first came to them, from what distance and what direction?

To the lonely and rich islands waiting to be peopled, first came folk from similar bits of land far to the west and somewhat south; and later came voyagers from islands directly to the south. But where had these hardy sailors themselves come from? you ask. To which the answer is, and you will have to be satisfied with that, "From the Far East"!

There lay waiting for discoverer and settler

a seagirt realm of beauty and of riches, a string of islands stretching in a wavering line north and westward. They lay there awaiting the coming of man, their white beaches glistening in the sun, their forested mountains touching the sky and lost in the clouds. The climate was kindly, fertile valleys awaited the tiller of the soil, and the sea provided fish in abundance.

The old, old tales say that the first-comer was a voyager by the name of Hawaii-Loa, who gave his name to the southernmost island. When he landed on the shore of that island and thence went on discovering island after island, he loved the land and desired to remain; returned home only to tell of his discovery and persuade friends as well as family to go away with him to the pleasant isles that he had found.

Those discoverers and settlers left a fertile land of their own when they migrated to a new home. On their migration they set forth in staunch double canoes built to withstand storm and strain. The double canoe had a house on a platform in the middle. The sails, made of mats, served their purpose well. Two thousand miles and more of water were crossed ere the voyagers

neared the end of their long journey. Then the look-out saw the tropic-bird, that white-flashing, long-tailed creature which tells that land is not far off. With what joy the worn voyagers must have studied the approaching shores, with what joy at last set foot on land after the wearisome days at sea.

The old Hawaiians thought that no mere man could have made that venture into the unknown. And they created tales about the venturesome voyagers, said that the shores of Hawaii were earliest touched by a single first-comer who was more than man, a demi-god of wonderful power as well as wonderful courage. And they chanted songs about him and his later helpers, which were told to children and children's children for hundreds of years.

These songs are called meles.¹ They declare that after Hawaii-Loa visited the southernmost island he also explored and named a neighboring island. Three mountains loomed on the first of these; one he called White Mountain (Mauna Loa), one Long Mountain (Mauna Kea), and the third he named after his wife. An island to

¹ Pronounced "maylay."

the northwest showed two mountain masses, one rising sheer from the sea. Farther on he saw a tiny island off here, a larger one there; still farther, another island lying long and narrow, then one with coral reef and deep-cut valley; now across a wide, rough channel a large island with towering height; then last a tiny green isle. And there they stretched, the Eight Islands; claimed and named by Hawaii-Loa.

It was a silent land save for the song of birds and fall of water. On the whole it was beautiful, though here and there were desert stretches and lava-desolated tracts. For there were great differences found here. While there was daily sunshine, there were mist and rainbow arches. In some portions were green forests and much rain, while in others there were desert reaches with no rain. There was snow high on mountain-top, and low by the sea were sun-baked sands. There were deep valleys and wide grassy plains, and there were miles of frozen waves of lava where grew no spear of grass. It was a land of variety and mystery.

There were mountains that sent up smoke and fire and sulphur fumes, and that sometimes

poured rivers of red-hot lava down their sides. But mountains of this sort were not unknown to the voyagers from the distant isles, and though they dreaded them mightily they were more charmed by the new land than fearful of its dangers.

The first voyagers settled close to shore, where they could obtain food most easily. The sea yielded them fish, the land provided them with berries, juicy mountain-apples, bananas, coconuts, sweet potatoes, and the root of the taro, which furnished excellent food. There was no winter to guard against. They were well off.

They remained. Children were born unto them, and children unto their children. Hundreds of years passed. Now discovery again was in the air, again men were restless, explored and travelled far. In islands directly to the south as far south of the equator as Hawaii was north, great canoes were built and carefully provisioned; daring souls set forth in search of adventure, and, guided by the stars, found their way to Hawaii. They, too, made their home here. Thus back and forth those bold mariners voyaged, adding to their knowledge of the

world and bringing to Hawaii seeds, plants and animals and from far distant places.

Then once more travel ceased for a period, and the Eight Islands had few visitors from the outside world. But now the people were many in number, a little world to themselves. They fished and farmed, they built grass houses, they laboriously piled stone temple and stone-walled fish-ponds, they braided mats, they pounded bark into cloth, and out of hard wood they fashioned calabashes, food-bowls beautiful in form. And weapons they made, for there arose wars of chief against chief, district against district. Their tools they shaped of lava rock, since they had no iron. And with these rude tools they bravely, painstakingly manufactured numberless things of use and of beauty, from great war-canoes down to tiny fish-hooks.

The once unpeopled land became well peopled; in time villages were built beyond the sea-shore, in fruitful valley and on mountain slope. In search of food and of materials for shelter, clothing and all their increasing wants, the Hawaiians explored land and water; pene-

trated forest jungles, climbed to dizzy heights, dove into ocean depths.

They were a splendid people physically, of great endurance and strength. Their good food, their outdoor life, the invigorating trade-winds that blew most of the year and lessened the tropic heat, all ministered to their health. They were an active, alert, progressive people.

The Hawaiians belong to the Polynesian Race, which, as the name tells, is made up of many island folk. The Hawaiians are a pleasing brown in color, the hair as a rule is straight, the eyes are large and full of expression, the features blunt. They are of noble stature, are erect of carriage and graceful in motion. Their speech is melodious and poetic.

Language and song, as well as physical likeness, relate them to folk as distant as the natives of New Zealand. And when an occasional visitor from New Zealand, or from nearer Samoa, or Tahiti, steps ashore in Honolulu, he is able to talk with the Hawaiian native, with whom he surely can claim kinship.

II

THEIR WONDERFUL CANOES

A LITTLE Hawaiian girl, who had read and re-read the American poet's tale of the building of Hiawatha's canoe, was moved to write thus of the building of the Hawaiian canoe:

THE SONG OF THE HAWAIIAN CANOE

Give me of your trunk, O Koa tree,
Of your strong and shining trunk, O Koa tree,
For a strong canoe to build me,
Chosen by the chief Kahuna,
Chosen with sacrifices and prayers,
Watching where the bird called the elepaio,
Pecks and gives sign to the Kahuna
What tree is best for the big canoe.
And the canoe shaped with adze of Lono the God,
Shaped by strong men and the Kahuna,
Shaped so long and shaped so narrow,
When placed upon the water,
Glided so swiftly outward,



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NATIVE FISHERMAN IN HIS CANOE

The vessel is of familiar outrigger type. The Hawaiian has just captured a devil-fish.

Out into the deep blue ocean,
Over the white and snowy breakers,
To a strange and distant island,
Far away from the place the tree grew,
Far away from the place the log was hauled,
Far, far away from the place it was hunted for
With such difficulty and hardships,
Far away from the islands it went
From Hawaii Nei.

A few words used in the lines written by the little native girl will need to be interpreted. The koa (Hawaiian mahogany) is a beautiful leafy tree that grows up on the mountain. Its myriad leaves are shaped like the crescent moon narrow and bended. It sometimes rises to a lofty height and the wood is very hard and durable. It was the tree for the islander's canoe.

The building of a canoe in the old days was as great an undertaking as the building of a ship is to-day. Knowing how important it was to have just the right materials, the islanders felt they must have special help in the first stages of their labor on the canoe, and the only one to whom they trusted the choosing of the tree was the Kahuna.

The Kahuna was a sort of wizard, and he was supposed to have dealings with the gods. For the Hawaiians thought there were various gods. The people believed that the Kahuna had great power, much more power than a common man. They feared him and obeyed him, followed where he led, and in the building of the canoe he had a very important part.

The elepaio is a little speckled bird with a russet-colored breast. This little bird was supposed to come to the aid of canoe-builders and tell them what tree trunks to avoid. Where it lingered and pecked at the bark, that trunk was eaten deep by worms, eaten to the heart and was not to be felled.

The adze, as you probably know, was the old-time cutting-tool, a piece of stone that had been shaped by rubbing with another stone. A handle of wood was fastened to it, and with this tool much work could be accomplished. With the largest and heaviest adze great trees could be felled. Smaller ones were used when it came to the hollowing of the canoe.

The Hawaiians had numerous gods, some

good, some evil. The god called Lono was looked upon as great and good.

Now that you understand the lines of the poem better, perhaps you would like to read them over again. And when doing so, you will picture to yourself that dark-eyed eager little daughter of Hawaii who wrote "The Song of The Hawaiian Canoe."

A canoe to travel a distance of two-thousand three-hundred miles must indeed be staunch. And to carry provisions for so long a voyage, as well as passengers, it must be large. And it must be seaworthy.

Those olden canoes were of enormous size. Double ones could carry as many as eighty people, and there is record of one huge war-canoe that carried one-hundred and forty men, also supplies for this large number of people. These wonderful canoes are thought to have visited the mainland coast as well as island shores. Old songs and tales tell of voyages far east and west as well as to the north and south.

Staunch, roomy and seaworthy they were, those canoes of long, long ago. Not only did

they hollow open canoes for coastwise travel and for fishing, but they also built sizable vessels of planks stoutly sewn or stitched together, which were further strengthened by pitching and paint. The latter craft could carry stores and provisions for a long voyage, as well as a large company of people. All the materials for their canoes were selected with the utmost care. And the work thereon, though done with rude tools, was done remarkably well.

After the Kahuna and the little woodpecker had made known the tree to be chosen, then the tree must be laid low.

First the workers had to dig the ground about the tree until the roots were laid bare. Then with their adzes good and sharp they hewed at the tree. If only one man worked it would take a week to lay it low, but with several helpers the work could be accomplished in two days—though with what difficulty! Only stone axes with which to do it! Think of what muscle and patience it took to fell a giant tree.

After the tree was felled the branches were hacked off. Then the log was shaped there in the forest and hollowed out to make it less heavy

to haul down from the heights. The task of getting large logs down the mountain was a hard one. No wonder the Hawaiians dreamed of fairy helpers, a race of little elves they called The Menehunes. Later work on the canoe included the strengthening of the sides, also the addition of cross-pieces and top-rails. The planks were sewn with sennit, braided cordage. Coconut fibre was used for binding added pieces to the body. To paint the canoe a stain was obtained from burnt candle-nuts mixed with oil.

A mast was added, and from a braided mat was fashioned a three-cornered sail, hoisted with the point down. A mat roof sheltered the ones whose places were on a raised platform in the middle of the canoe, and there were mats to be put up in time of storm. The paddlers sat two by two, and over the wide waters the canoe advanced, sometimes the wind aiding, sometimes defeating the work of the men.

The stars were their guides, for outdoor people, sailors and shepherds, study the heavens. Those navigators knew the rising and setting of many of the stars. They also had knowledge of currents and winds. Some had special knowl-

edge; on a long voyage one person laid the course, another directed the sailing. Each one had his assigned place, there was order and method in that early navigation and they wandered far. Their old songs and stories tell of voyages to far-away places, of distant lands and peoples.

The old-time Hawaiian canoe was not a simple dug-out. To make the staunch and seaworthy canoe of the olden times, perhaps the builders asked some gift from as many as a dozen kinds of trees and plants. One tree furnished the log for the body of the canoe, the gunwale or rim was made of pieces from another, from still another pieces were cut to strengthen bow and stern. To keep the canoe steady the Hawaiian invented the outrigger, which he made of slender pieces of cork-like wood and added curved cross-pieces of yet another kind of wood. Three trees furnished wood suitable for paddles, trees as well as plants furnished the cordage for binding and lashing. The adventurous voyagers were fortunate in the wealth of material yielded by their forests.

It is interesting to note that some of the large Hawaiian canoes of later days were hollowed out of Oregon pine-logs that had been brought by the waves to the shores of these islands, thousands of miles to the south.

The Hawaiian canoes of to-day are very small and light compared to those of long, long ago. But watching native fisherman or surf-rider to-day, as his outrigger canoe carries him over the water safely and speedily, we know he is a true descendant of those seamen of the past. And his outrigger canoe helps us to picture those canoes of the past. There glides before our eyes the double canoe of the discoverer of Hawaii, and the array of canoes of the voyagers who followed him. Later we see the swift speeding of the war-canoes, coasting along shore, or crossing from island to island. A brave pageant!

It was pride and aloha (love) that moved the little native girl to try to make known the difficulties that must be overcome in the building of the Hawaiian canoe. And what a wonderfully persistent people the Islanders were to accomplish all they did with the tools they had.

And of the various things they made, none was more remarkable than their canoes, those brave barks that sailed thousands of miles on the broad Pacific.

III

THEIR GRASS HOUSES

PERHAPS you think a grass house was a very simple thing to make, not requiring much skill in its planning or construction. But such was not the case. Grass houses were built by people who were much more progressive than their forefathers who dwelt in caves or made shelters of boughs. Though simple in appearance, such a house required builders of knowledge and cunning. Because of the lack of iron tools and nails any kind of house was built with added difficulty. You wonder how it was done at all.

The house grew without hammer or nails. The tools they used were a digging-stick, stone adzes, a stone file, and a pump-drill with which to bore holes. Cords, heavy and fine, took the place of screws and nails.

While the strong men went to the mountains to procure the woods needed, the old people

twisted or braided the great quantity of cord wanted for lashing and tying. There must be posts and rafters for the framework of the house, and these had to be fitted and lashed together. For thatching a finer cord would be required. And of course all these must be made there in the islands. Fortunately the coconut yielded much fibre, and there was a plant, the Hawaiian hemp, called by the natives the olona, that was of utmost importance, furnishing material which was spun, twisted and braided into cords of strength and durability. If the above were not at hand, the patient native searched for tree and vine that would yield him material that he could work into cordage and string. And these he wound into balls suitable for handling.

Women and children, too, helped in the building of a house. There were smooth pebbles to collect for the floor, and quantities of leaves, ferns, and coarse grass to be gathered for the thatch. The grass thatch was tied to the framework in little bundles, and this work had to be close and firm; that the house prove a real shelter from wind and rain. It took much material to cover the framework properly.



Darby Photo Co.

GRASS HOUSE OF PRIMITIVE TYPE

These huts are no longer used by the natives, except in out-of-the-way places.

The old-time Hawaiians had an enviable acquaintance with trees and plants, and for the better houses they carefully selected the wood for the framework, also a thatch that would be durable. In the forests the men with their adzes hacked away branches for post and rafter, then brought these down to the building place, sometimes a distance of many miles.

In the olden days, the Hawaiians were beach dwellers. Locations for their villages were carefully chosen. The houses stood apart, some surrounded by a stone wall, some by a fence of wood. The structures were steep-roofed and square-cornered: but no matter how large, they were only one-story high and contained but one room. A house belonging to a chief might be as long as seventy feet, but this was a sharp contrast to the tiny huts of the common people.

In building a new house a plot of level ground would be chosen and a stone platform laid. With the "digging-stick" post-holes would be made, then small stones tramped down therein for a foundation. Main posts supported the ridge pole. Rafters were fitted into plates in their respective posts, and further secured by

lashings of strong cord. Then to the posts were lashed rows of small sticks, these to serve as a foundation for the thatch. At this point in the building, the house looked like a handleless basket turned upside down.

The thatch might be of large strong leaves alone, or these leaves might have a top covering of grass. The corners and ridges were often trimmed with braided ferns: for to the Hawaiian a plain untrimmed house looked "bald-headed." The low doorway had grass or leaves carefully braided about the opening. There were no windows, but openings were left here and there and these were called "wind-holes."

When the fierce storms came, the grass house must have suffered not a little. Rethatching had to be done from time to time. And the dampness during continued rains must have been disagreeable. A grass house is undoubtedly picturesque, but not exactly ideal provision against wind and rain.

Sometimes the floor was made of split logs, and over these mats would be spread. A wealth of mats was needed about the house, and patiently the Hawaiians searched out materials,

then cleverly made use of these materials when found. Some were very coarse, mere rush-mats, strictly for use: others were of remarkable softness and fineness and with colored designs for ornamentation. They were as valued by the old-time Hawaiians as Oriental rugs are by the people of the East.

The furnishing of the grass house is of interest. Also the lack of furnishing, for they had no chairs, just sat on the floor. For beds there were piles of soft mats, but the people often used a pillow of wood or of stone. Though there were some soft pillows fashioned of fine mats stuffed with leaves. Their bed coverings were layers of tapa, a kind of cloth the natives made by pounding bark. These layers of tapa were a leather-like paper and quite warm. The top cover was sometimes decorated; and sometimes perfumed by laying it away with sweet-smelling leaves or fragrant berries brought from the mountains. For they thought both of comfort and beauty, those old-time Hawaiians.

The Hawaiians had no metal or earthenware, no kettles or pottery. They had to use stone, wood, gourds and shells for dishes. Large

platters and bowls as well as cups and saucers were hollowed out of stone. Vines furnished gourds of different sizes and shapes.

The Hawaiian calabash or gourd was of the greatest importance. They made of it cups, dishes, and musical instruments. Some kinds were very small, some of huge size, varying from a tiny cup to a container holding ten gallons. The larger ones were used on journeys as a trunk, at home as a closet. Beautiful food bowls, also called calabashes, they hollowed out of logs. Salt-cellars they made of fragments of coconut shells. Spoons were made of portions of these shells fastened to a handle, while half a coconut shell provided a good drinking cup. As the people ate with their fingers, they needed finger-bowls, and for these they scooped out shallow little wooden bowls with two divisions; one to hold water, the other the leaves wherewith the fingers were dried—their napkins.

Brooms were obtained by tying together near one end the long midrib from several coconut leaves, and these excellent brooms are still in use. A rack on which to hang articles was easily procured by bringing in the branched arm of a tree.

They fashioned a variety of baskets in which to store things, although much that they owned they stored in giant gourds and calabashes which, suspended in nets, hung from supports outside the house. For a mirror they used a circular polished stone that when wet dimly reflected the face. For soap they used a piece of rough lava stone.

For light they had a kind of lamp made of a hollowed stone, a lava-cup, which held a wick of the paper-like tapa. But the more common light was obtained by the burning of kukui nuts. These nuts, also called candle-nuts, are full of oil. They burn slowly and steadily. But you must not think that all a native had to do when darkness approached was to set fire to these abundant nuts. No, he must first roast and shell the kukui, then string them on a stick of bamboo or the stiff midrib of the coconut leaf. They say these served also for time-pieces, and fairly dependable time-pieces at that.

Naturally you wish to know what they used instead of matches, how they got fire. They obtained it by rubbing together two pieces of wood. But these had to be particular kinds.

A piece of soft wood must be found, and when well dried a groove was made in it. Then a sharply-pointed piece of hard wood was needed, and this would be worked quickly back and forth in the groove. Presently the wood dust became charred and a tiny flame burst forth. Fire also was obtained by means of pieces of lava rock and dry grass. One stone would be struck sharply against another, and with the resulting spark the grass would catch fire. These stones were brought from heights near old volcano-craters. Flat smooth stones from river beds also were used for the same purpose. These stones would be rubbed together until heat was produced, then dry cloth would be drawn over them, whereupon the cloth would scorch and later a tiny flame would come.

Balls of twisted tapa were provided for keeping the fire. Even in the present, when matches are so cheap, you can see old people making use of the tapa ball as a lighter for their pipes. Two long strips of tapa are twisted together, rolled into a ball, and after a spark is applied the fire will smoulder long. Many an old Hawaiian prefers this kind of lighter for his pipe.

The Hawaiians did not often need fire for heating their houses, but when they did they simply built a little one in the middle of the floor where there was a stone-walled hole for this purpose. The smoke simply went out of the door. Their cooking they did outside of the house in the imu, or oven. This was made by digging a hole, wide but shallow, lining it with stones, heating these, and leaving a place wherein water could be poured. The food was wrapped in long, tough leaves, which had been gathered from the ti plant, growing in the mountains. The leaf-covered bundles were put down amid the hot stones, then covered with coals, next with leaves and earth, and left to cook. Food prepared in this way is steamed and well cooked and is greatly relished to-day for special feasts.

“Living as they did in grass houses and with so many inflammable things about them, they had to be extremely careful in their use of fire.

Their chief food in the olden days was poi and fish. Poi was made from the root of the taro, a plant very important to island people. After the taro was baked and peeled it was pounded and mixed with water. The taro tops, too, were

eaten, and this may be called the Hawaiian spinach. They had also bananas, sugar-cane, and sweet potatoes, for they were good farmers as well as expert fishermen.

In your picture of the old-time grass house, you must think of the people using it more for a storm-shelter and store-house than for any other purpose. Most of their life was spent out of doors. They cooked and ate and often slept outside the house. And much of the work of the women was carried on out of doors; seated on the floor of the rude porch, or under the trees, they wove their mats and baskets. A house was a shelter and a sign of owning property, but was not lived in as we use houses to-day.



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GRINDING TARO ROOT FOR POI



IV

THEIR CLOTH AND CLOTHING

IN their manufacture of cloth, a paper-like material made from the bark of a tree, the Hawaiians showed marked ingenuity and skill. Their paper-cloth varied from a thick heavy sort, somewhat like canvas, to a fine, almost transparent texture. They called the bark-cloth tapa, which means the beaten thing.

The sound made by the tapa beating carried far. The hammering often began at daybreak and continued until noon. It carried across the valleys, this beating of hard-wood mallets upon anvil logs raised from the ground. The incessant beating sang not alone the song of industry, but sometimes the women by this means signalled one to another. They had a code of their own, blow and pause carried message back and forth among the tapa-beaters.

For their tapa the Hawaiians preferred the bark of the paper-mulberry, a small tree that was

cultivated generally by the people. The young plant was kept carefully trimmed in order to get long unbroken strips of bark. When the tree was from ten to twelve feet high the men cut it down and the women removed the strip of bark in a single sheet. The outside part was scraped off with a sharp shell, then the remainder was soaked for a while, preferably in a stream. The next process was to lay out the now-gummy material on a smooth stone and pound it with a round mallet. Again it was soaked, then placed on a log and beaten with the tapa-beaters that were grooved and otherwise patterned. This last gave the cloth an even appearance. To obtain cloth of different sizes and shapes softened strips would be beaten together. Lastly the cloth would be laid out in the sun to dry and bleach.

Sheets of tapa twice the size of a sheet for one of our ordinary double beds were common. And some strips used for the dress of women were many, many yards long. Tapas did not wash well, and had to be replaced often. But they were tough and durable otherwise, and some were made waterproof by the use of coconut oil.

When the tapa was washed it had to be rebeaten, after which it came out very soft and fine though perhaps ragged.

When used for bed covering the tapa was made into very large sheets, and these were often bound together at the edges. The lower layers were generally plain, might be bleached or unbleached; but the top was either dyed over the whole surface, or printed in some approved pattern.

New cloth, as you know, often has a smell not very agreeable. This was true of the bark-cloth. To offset this the Hawaiians would sometimes perfume their tapa. Some of these perfumes we of to-day would like; some we would not like at all. Sandal-wood, which is almost universally pleasing, was a favorite perfume with the Hawaiian, and in the olden times the tree abounded in their forests. The powdered wood was frequently placed among the folds of the cloth. Strings of a fragrant berry, the leaves of a heavily-fragrant vine, sweet-smelling flower-heads from shrub and tree, all were used to scent the tapa.

The dress of the women consisted of a long

piece of cloth wound several times around the waist, and with this was sometimes worn a shawl-like mantle. The men, in addition to the loin-cloth, sometimes wore a mantle, tied on one shoulder. The tapas for dress purposes were often decorated more or less elaborately. The dance skirt of the women was of fine texture, often of yellow printed with black and red figures. When horseback riding became possible and popular, the woman rider wore a long scarf about her waist that trailed far behind as the horse sped along.

After the coming of the white people, the islanders laid aside the tapa, the native cloth. The men copied the fashions of American and European men. For the women a costume was designed that is still generally worn, a loose, cool, one-piece dress of cotton or silk. This was named by the natives when first they saw it, the "run-stand dress," the "holoku."

Bare heads and bare feet were the rule, though a wreath might take the place of a hat. If shoes were worn it was for journeys over rough stones, and these would be low sandals fashioned

perhaps of bark, perhaps of braided leaves or tapa.

Both men and women were fond of ornaments. They had nécklaces, bracelets and anklets made of ivory or shells. Both wore wreaths of flowers or green leaves on their heads and about their shoulders. And the latter fashion continues to this day.

Last we come to the marvelous dress of those of high rank. The feather cloaks worn by king and queen, by high chief and chiefess of old Hawaii, were perhaps as wonderful as any mantles ever worn. A few of these have been preserved to this day; and each is valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars; one, it is said, at a million.

It is not wholly because of their beauty that they have such value, although they possess real beauty. It is because of their rarity and the workmanship shown that we of today look upon them with curiosity and pleasure. These cloaks, some mere capes, others long and full, were made of the tiniest, softest feathers. They were obtained from mountain birds, which were

trapped or killed that they might yield each a wee tuft of their plumage. It took tufts from myriads of birds to furnish material for even a small cape, and to make a mantle for a tall king think what an army of birds must have been captured! Feather helmets, also, were required and feather ornaments. No wonder the beautifully-plumaged birds became fewer and fewer in number. One of the birds hunted, the one with rich orange in its plumage, became almost extinct.

Some of the birds were snared in nets; some by gumming the branches of the trees about their mountain haunts. In the latter case the birds in their search for the honey-filled flowers of the blossoming trees would get their feet in the gummy substance put along the branches. The hunter then could catch them comparatively easily. He would pluck the golden feathers from under the wings of one bird, the rich orange from the back of another, steal scarlet ones from a little song-bird with a fine coat of scarlet and black, green from another bird, crimson from still another. Then the spoils, carefully packed,

would finally reach the hands of those skilled in the feather work of the land.

In their feather work and their tapa making the Hawaiians were artists. Their skill in these fabrics was as fine as any in the world.

V

THEIR TOOLS

THERE were tools of peace, and there were tools of war, and for neither was there any iron, tin or copper. The materials they had were wood, stone, bone, and shell.

In both the making and the use of their tools the Hawaiians proved themselves a very intelligent people. Tools of peace were probably the first ones needed in the islands, as the sea was their defense from enemies. (Though later they all too often quarrelled among themselves.) And probably of those tools of peace the first one called for was a hammer. For the various hammers that came into use, there were stones of variety and quantity, from the sea pebbles on the shore to the lava rocks. And high in the mountain they found clinkstone, excellent for adzes and grindstones.

The Islands had a wealth of stone. In addition to those mentioned there was coral rock,

some pumice and other polishing stones. In their manufacture, a sea-worn pebble was found a good tool for chipping work, shark's teeth and bamboo also were used for cutting tools; between flat stones the grinding was done. The Hawaiians made tools, dishes and weapons of stone, as well as stone walls and temples.

A smooth rounded stone was the early hammer. Later hammers were chipped and shaped as desired, wooden handles were fitted and tied thereto, and at last excellent adzes were made. The few adze factories were high up in the mountains where the good clinkstone was to be found. These heights were cold and barren, a great contrast to the green pleasant lowlands and sun-warmed beaches. But armies of workers climbed the difficult heights, there in the cold quarried the stone and shaped the axes. Some were large and heavy, some very small and in skilled hands capable of very fine work.

Pestles and mortars used in the grinding of nuts, roots, bark, or to crush fruit, were formed of lava and varied widely in size and shape. The poi-pounder was one of the most important of

their tools, all the people using poi for their daily food. This tool, also, was made of stone, and shaped with nice care. It is still in common use to-day.

Varied and ingenious were the tools they used in the manufacture of the native bark-cloth. There was the adze for cutting down the little tree that furnished the bark. For removing the bark in its single sheet the workers used a sharp shell; for scraping off the outer bark a shell, or the tough bone from the plate of the sea-turtle. For the first beating of the soaked bark there was a simple round wooden club with a handle, but for the later beating a tool much less simple was employed. This was a four-sided mallet of hard wood, square cornered and having a handle, and the mallet was marked with grooves or fanciful designs. When you call to mind that groove and design on the mallet had to be painstakingly made either by the use of a shark's-tooth tool or a splinter of sharp stone, you better appreciate these tapa-beaters.

There were tools, too, for the work of decorating the tapa. They had bamboo liners (described by Dr. Brigham, of the Museum in

Honolulu, as multiple pens), with which they could paint neat, true lines on a plain surface. A bamboo stamp they used in applying the designs, and paint brushes they made of the fibres at the base of a certain fruit. A stiletto with which to punch holes was gotten from whale ivory, the needles with which they sewed the cloth were of bone, the thread was one of their fine cords. A shuttle and mesh-stick were used in the making of nets, and a netting needle in mending. The shuttle was of whale-ivory, tortoise-shell, wood, or bamboo.

The principal tool used in cultivating the soil was the digging-stick; sometimes merely a pointed piece of wood; again one with a flat blade at one end. With this rude tool they dug long ditches; made embankments for their patches of taro, the chief crop; raised in addition to taro, sweet potatoes, yams, sugar-cane, bananas, calabash-gourds, and a plant from which they made their cloth, another that furnished them with a root that they highly valued. Pretty good farmers, were they not, with their digging-stick?

No tools of them all were more important than

those that were used in fishing. Spears were needed, anchors, an infinite variety of hooks, sinkers, lines, nets, and baskets. The hooks they made of bone, of mother-of-pearl, of whale's teeth, and of tortoise-shell. All the fishing-apparatus they must fashion themselves, and before making must gather the materials with great painstaking. They were necessarily a busy people, these dwellers in the sub-tropics.

The arts of peace might well have filled their time, but they did not. Feuds arose and multiplied, warriors fought and fell for this cause and that. Battles raged throughout the group, and the question of weapons became a serious one the islands over. Not only district waged war with district, but channels were crossed and enemies came ashore for invasion and conquest.

Sea-fights were not common, but occasionally as many as a hundred war-canoes on a side engaged in battle. To withstand an enemy upon the water, the Hawaiians worked out an instrument called a canoe-breaker. This was a heavy hammer attached to a rope. The rope, bound around knobs at one end of the stone, or passed through a groove in the middle, was firmly

secured to the weapon. When this was swung by the arm of a powerful warrior, it worked destruction.

Throwing stones is a form of warfare handed down from earliest times. The Hawaiian sling-stones were heavy, the average weighing about a quarter of a pound, though the largest weighed three times that amount. They were made of lava and shaped like a double cone. The shape was obtained by rolling between flat stones, a process of manufacture that required much patience. Stone trippers, too, were used in Hawaiian warfare.

Long spears, short spears called javelins, daggers and clubs were made of wood, and a small sword much in use had edges set with shark's teeth. Warfare became so much a part of the life that there was general drill in the use of arms. Sham fights were held, and there was rigorous practice with sling-stones, with the javelin, in the casting and catching of the spear, and the use of other weapons. The soldiers were expert in the method of warfare then followed. The noted voyager, Vancouver, told of a sham fight he witnessed, wherein Kamehameha I.

showed marvelous skill; when six spears at one time were thrown at him, three of these he caught, two he parried, the sixth he avoided by a quick movement of his body.

One warrior king was so skilful that the bard who sang his praises said:

He could hit a blade of grass with his spear,

He could hit a flea with a spear,

He could hit an ant with his spear.

War heralds called the people to battle. Women, too, were commanded to do their part. They not only carried food to the fighters, but often they, too, entered into contest with the enemy. Many of the good things of life were tabu, forbidden, to the women, but in warfare they were allowed to take their place with the men.

The Hawaiians did not fight like the Indians, from ambush. Their method of warfare was in the open. But the war-cry was used, and in an onset the attacking party made hideous faces and carried ugly idols with which to frighten the enemy. Sometimes a single warrior would step boldly forth and scornfully challenge the whole front of the enemy; in which case his

scorn and boldness would be increased if he were able to ward off or catch the storm of spears hurled at him. The old songs recite the prowess of these single warriors.

When the enemy finally was ready to make peace, a flag of truce—the branch of the ti plant or a young banana tree—was sent to the opposite camp. Then chiefs and priests of both sides would assemble and decide on the terms of peace. Heralds went about to proclaim an end of fighting. Wreaths of maile were woven, feasts, dances, and public games were held, and for another period the people could devote themselves to the arts of peace.

VI

USEFUL THINGS THEY MADE

WE have glanced at their tools, made by themselves, and materials discovered by themselves. Now let us find out what they wrought with these tools and materials; first the useful things, then those where beauty played a noticeable part.

Their houses and canoes come to mind first. The houses varied in type from the chief's dwelling, sixty feet long, to the humble, carelessly built hovel, so cramped as to height that a grown person could not stand upright. The canoes, you remember, were sometimes as long as sixty feet and were staunchly built. Then there were double canoes which carried numbers of voyagers to far-distant lands, to and fro on the broad Pacific. And the Hawaiians made cloth that answered their purpose admirably, as we have seen. In addition they manufactured nets, cords, baskets, and dishes that displayed skill of

no mean sort. And some of their stone-work lasts to this day. On the whole one could not call them a lazy people.

Nature was kindly to the Hawaiians in its gifts of plant-fibres. The fibres from the husk of the coconut were spun or braided into cord suitable for lashing the canoe outriggers, and for various purposes. Hawaiian hemp (as we have said, called by the natives olona) furnished a highly prized fibre for cord and nets, it being very strong, light, and durable; in fact, no more durable fibre is known than the olona. But from tree and sedge fibres were obtained for spinning and braiding, while grasses were simply braided into ropes.

Olona, hemp, was cultivated generally by the natives. When ready for use the bark was stripped, soaked, and the fibres scraped off. Then the fibres were twisted on the thigh of the spinner into fine thread or cord, as desired. Netted bags for carrying purposes were much in demand, as well as nets for fishing, while cords were needed for handles and for divers purposes, and strong ones were cunningly fashioned.

The netted bags which often enclosed large

gourds or calabashes, had to be very tough and strong. They were made of double or triple cord, and their manufacture required no mean knowledge of looping, knotting, and of knitting. Those fashioned for the use of high chiefs were of unusual quality.

Nets made for the foundation of their feather-work were as fine as burlap. Nets for catching birds also were made of fine twine, but the mesh was coarse, the custom being to entangle the birds therein. Fish-nets as a rule were fashioned of the fine olona, although a net for sharks was made of a thick rope braided from the fresh bark of a tree. Nets were of various sizes, shapes, and fineness.

For larger fishes they made a roughly-meshed net one hundred feet in length. Some kinds were mere sieves, some dip-nets, some drag-nets, some bag-nets. Not a few of the nets were of great size and fine work. In the make-up of these were used floaters of light wood, sticks to widen the nets, and the sinkers were of stone shaped as desired. Some of the long nets were more than one hundred fathoms in length. Ropes, hundreds of fathoms long and hung with

bunches of ti leaves, would be used to sweep the waters and drive the fish by thousands into the wide circling nets.

The fishing apparatus of the olden days was well planned and well worked out, while the fishermen of the olden days were skilful and daring. The Hawaiians of the present have lost much of the knowledge of this art practiced by their ancestors, have let fishing fall into the hands of the Japanese; although here and there along the shores are to be found men, women and children who know the waters and how to draw a harvest therefrom.

In Hawaii there was a wealth of material for mats and baskets. The screw-pine was of the greatest value to Pacific Islanders generally. The coconut gave both leaf and fibre for the weaving and plaiting, and there were other trees, among them the banana, which furnished valuable fibres. Fern-stems were made into fish-traps and baskets. A sedge yielded tender stems from which the finest Hawaiian mats were made, and from the rootlets of an air-plant the choicest Hawaiian baskets were fashioned.

Groves of the friendly pandanus, screw-pine,

grew every here and there in Hawaii. The abundance of long prickly leaves furnished an abundance of mats and baskets for the people, also good mat-sails. The leaves were gathered, dried, the prickly part trimmed off with a sharp shell, then they were beaten with a hard club. The prepared leaves were carefully packed away until needed. When the weaver was ready to work, she split strands the width desired and began her task, a task that required patience and skill. The coarsely woven pandanus mats were used for floor covering, bed covering, and to shelter property kept out of doors. Some of the latter were of great size, as long as one hundred feet.

Their mats were of number and variety. As we have said in the chapter on Grass Houses, some of these were coarse and undecorated; others were very fine and had decoration. The natives wandered the islands over in search of the right leaf, sedge, and fern for the latter; for the former there was a wealth of material at hand.

The long rubbery leaf of the ti plant perhaps furnished the first basket; maybe crudely-woven

coconut leaf-strips the second: a later simple basket was made of the leaf from the screw-pine. And finally we come to the finest basket of all, the one fashioned from the rootlets of the air-plant called by the Hawaiians the ieie.¹ The material obtained therefrom was very durable and the weaving close and fine. These baskets were built to last, and did last from generation to generation. They rank among the fine work of the basket-makers of many lands.

For their calabashes, their wooden dishes, they had various woods, the favorite a hard wood resembling mahogany. The log, cut into blocks, was sunk in mud to season it, also to give it the color desired. Some of these calabashes were very large, some very tiny, and they differed, too, in shape. When you remember the crude tool they had to work with, the stone adze, you appreciate better that they were able to fashion dishes so regular, so nearly perfect, as were these calabashes. They were often circular in shape, and varied in size from small bowls to containers holding as much as five gallons. Both within and without they were smooth-surfaced and well

¹ Pronounced "ee-ay ee-ay."

shaped. Numbers of these remain to this day, and are fine records of the patience and industry of their makers. They alone would tell you what a wonderfully persistent people the Hawaiians were to accomplish all they did with the tools they had.

In the building of the stone temples and places of refuge, it is said the workers stood in a line miles long and passed the stones from man to man. These structures were of rough stones not laid in mortar, but set carefully enough to form solid walls and to stand from generation to generation. They were usually placed on hill-top or near the shore, and could be seen from a distance. The walls, high, long and wide, represented the hard labor of an army of workers.

One place of refuge measured 715 feet in length, and was 415 feet wide. Its walls were 12 feet high, and 15 feet through. Within were tall pyramids of stone, one towering 126 feet in the air.

Walled fish-ponds, too, tell of the patience and industry of the stone-workers of the olden time; for there were many of these along the

reefs, and they were extensive and the stones of which they were built were carefully placed. These artificial ponds were built at the cost of a tremendous amount of labor. They alone show what an industrious people the Hawaiians were. Small wonder that the folk-tales of the land tell of the aid needed, in the building of the walled temples and the walled fish-ponds by that band of fairy helpers, The Menehunes.

VII

BEAUTIFUL THINGS THEY MADE

SOME of the Hawaiian mats and baskets disclosed fine workmanship and a happy choice of material. Their bowls, so laboriously hollowed out of logs, were beautiful in form and smoothness. Their tapas were superior examples of bark-cloth, and the colored ones showed that they had wrested from nature not a few valuable secrets, had learned not a little of the art of dyeing. And last we come to their feather-work, done with painstaking, skill and beautiful effect.

To make one of their fine Niihau mats took the labor of years. These mats were woven from the tender stem of the sedge called makaloa, which grew chiefly on the little island of Niihau. The work could be done only when the plants were very young, for the whole stem was used in the manufacture of these mats. They were noticeable for softness and fineness,

as well as for the varied kinds of weaving in the same mat. They were decorated, too, with waves and geometrical figures of a distinct color, the lower part of the stem, which was red, being used for this purpose. Dyed designs also were employed for decoration. Some of these beautiful mats, extremely large as well as exceedingly fine, were of decided value. They were greatly treasured by royalty, by high chief and by visitor to the islands.

Fans, too, were used in the olden days, well-braided ones which were woven from coconut leaves and from palm-leaves. To-day the Hawaiians make use of a variety of materials for their hand-woven fans, none of which is more beautiful than the white, glossy bamboo. Small ornamented baskets were made of fern-stems, a fashion that still is followed. Their best baskets, the *ieie*, were not only admirably shaped for the various purposes to which they were put, but they were also closely woven, compact and durable. There was color decoration used in some of these, but colored or plain they were fine samples of the art of basket-making. Their forms, too, were very good, and there was a

variety of these. They were woven to fit tall gourds or for flat calabashes, and with covers neatly and skilfully fashioned.

The calabashes, like the fine mats and the costly feather cloaks, were family treasures, handed down from generation to generation. The favorite was cut from a hard wood that resembles mahogany. The log was cut into blocks, after these blocks were well seasoned the calabash was shaped first on the outside, then hollowed within. Pieces of fine coral were used to get the smooth surface desired, then polishing-stone and leaf and charcoal were employed, and the surface finally dressed with banana or bread-fruit leaf. The result was a gracefully-rounded bowl of rich dark wood, beautifully curved and beautifully polished, the work of a true artist.

Some of the most precious calabashes went with their possessors to the tomb, to the burial-cave. A few of these have been unearthed and restored to the sight of man, but some are still concealed in burial-caves on the side of barley-accessible cliffs. Other treasures, too, are hidden here, old weapons and rolls of old-time cloth.



NATIVE WOMAN WITH KAHILI, CALABASH, AND GOURD

Some of their better bark-cloth was remarkable for fineness, some for color and decoration. Repeated beating and soaking were necessary for the attaining of the very fine, muslin-like texture. Good white tapa was obtained by bleaching, and this might receive no decoration of color, no printed design. When designs were desired, the pattern was put upon the cloth by means of a bamboo stamp. The decoration of the fine tapas was left to the women of the higher classes, who took great pride in their work. Some of the tapas were dyed all over, some printed or painted here and there. The designs used were generally lines, triangles, squares and like figures. When color was favored, dyes were obtained that produced brown, black, pink, yellow, gray, and reds.

From bark, tree, shrub, and vine; from root, leaf, stem, juice of fruit, also from two kinds of earth, they got their dyes and paints. Their faithful friend, the Kukui, or candle-nut tree, yielded a black dye from the rind of its nuts; its bark furnished an excellent brown dye, its burned nuts a superior black. The root of another kindly tree provided a fine yellow color,

its bark a good red. Yellow was obtained also from the fruit-pulp of a certain tree. Red was to be had from either of two ferns. The leaves of one tree when mixed with the juice of the fig provided a beautiful crimson. The blue berries of a plant growing freely gave them an attractive pale-blue dye.

What generations of study and experiment on the part of these people, before they were able to give their cloth the coloring so admired in the plumage of their birds! All these secrets of Nature were only slowly to be unravelled, wherefore high honor to the Islanders who unravelled them.

The plumage of the birds was coveted for dress and ornament. Bird-catchers were a class of workers of much importance in the old days. Not only were feather helmets, capes and robes demanded by royalty and the chief class, but also ornaments made of the rare feathers. Garlands of these were worn by both men and women of high rank. In addition they required that the tall staffs which were used to show their rank should be topped by plumes of fine feather-work. To supply the demand for feathers, many

hunters were kept busy. This class had to be acquainted with the habits and haunts of the mountain birds. There were two distinct seasons for bird hunting. The trees whose blossoms the birds visited for their nectar bloomed in the lower woods in spring, in the upper woods in autumn. The birds followed the harvest, and the hunters followed the birds.

Neatly-woven garlands of the precious feathers were worn in the hair, about the neck, or thrown over the shoulder. Beautiful ones for royalty were made wholly of the softest yellow feathers, or of rich orange ones.

The staffs to denote rank were called kahilis. They were sometimes as high as twenty feet, and with the feather-work plume at the top were quite imposing. Both large and small birds were called upon to furnish feathers for these plumed poles, for which a variety of colors was used. In making the kahilis, short-stemmed feathers were tied to the stiff midrib of a coconut leaf, then these as branches were attached to the pole at the upper end. Yellow was the royal color; and scarlet was well liked. Later all black feathers were sometimes used,

sometimes those all snowy-white. In the olden days away off there in the Hawaiian Islands, splendid indeed was the show made by royalty on parade with their magnificent feather cloaks and their tall staffs brilliantly plumed.

The feather-workers, the high chiefesses, wove helmet, cape and robe so beautifully fashioned that the surface was as smooth and soft as the breast of a dove. The foundation of the garments was a fine netting; of the helmets, wicker-work; and to the groundwork the feathers were attached in such a manner as to overlap, giving the beautifully smooth surface desired. For decoration there were waves, crescents and borders of a contrasting color. Think of the patience required to plan and finish such a task! To make the feather cloak of King Kamehameha took the labor of nine generations of workers. To-day it may be seen in the Museum in Honolulu, and in a good state of preservation.

The net foundation was made of the strong and durable olona. The strips of netting were fastened together into the shape desired for the garment. Each little feather had the stem bent and tied two or three times to the net by a very

fine thread or by untwisted fibres; a delicate piece of work, for the thread or fibre must not show on the right side. The work had to be very even; and in the use of designs of contrasting colors, even greater care must have been necessary, to get crescent and triangle true. Tireless patience and accuracy the feather-workers must have possessed as well as supple fingers.

The feather helmets were of rich colors and fine workmanship. These always attracted the attention of foreign visitors, and in the accounts of their visits to the Islands ever mention was made of the splendor of the costumes worn by king and high chief when arrayed in feather cloak and helmet. Both cloak and helmet were sometimes presented to the distinguished visitors, and these were taken to far-away lands, where they carried witness of the Hawaiian's love of the beautiful.

What a pity that those cloaks and helmets, requiring the capture of so many birds, the knowledge of nature and the hardihood of so many hunters, in addition to the skill of the chiefesses who fashioned them,—what a pity that

these rich treasures should have been worn into battle! Perhaps the purpose was to frighten the enemy, to make him stand in awe of a personage so great that he could sport royal robe and head-gear. If conquered by the enemy, his feather cloak and helmet became the property of the victorious chief. But the beautiful cloaks were sometimes riven with spears and blood-stained.

The feather possessions that remained in a family were handed down from generation to generation, and were the great pride of those to whom they belonged. On special occasions they would be brought forth, to be worn for a day, or to serve as decoration for a throne. But sometimes a cloak was used as burial robe for one of high degree, and went into hiding in the burial cave.

As has been said, the Hawaiians, from a feeling of hospitality to some white visitor who had won their affection, now and then made gifts to their new friends of the rare and costly feather-work. English voyagers carried these gifts home with them, notable gifts being made to Cook and Vancouver. The latter took to the English king a royal cloak presented by Kame-

hameha, Conqueror of the Eight Islands. Such gifts were not alone to royalty. American missionary, sea-captain, and naval officer also had bestowed upon them these rich presents. And a certain American girl baby, born the same day as the heir to the throne, was given a feather cape by the king then on the throne.

These gifts became widely scattered. Now they are to be found in museums of Europe and America, where they bear mute but eloquent testimony to both the taste and the skill of these island folk.

VIII

PEOPLE OF HIGH DEGREE AND LOW

THE ancient Hawaiians believed that the chiefs and chiefesses were descended from the gods; and they were looked upon as well as named children from heaven. It was thought that the birth of one of high rank was foretold by Nature, that Nature proclaimed by thunder and lightning the present arrival of the child of a high chief. And during the life of those of high degree, it was thought that Nature provided rainbows when needed to announce their goings and comings.

There were chiefs and high chiefs, chiefesses and high chiefesses. And above all these was the king, the head of an island. But the life of the latter was not an easy one, for the chief of a district often rebelled against the king of the island; was jealous of the latter's power, and not willing to yield all that he demanded.

It was tabu, forbidden, for a common person

to remain standing at the mere mention of the king's name in song, or when food, drink or clothing belonging to royalty happened to be carried past. It was tabu to enter his enclosure without permission. It was tabu to stand in his shadow, even in the shadow of his house. The waters where he bathed were tabu, none other must enter these. Certain fish were held sacred for his use, and if he desired he could put a tabu on fruit or vegetable. Those that broke the tabus were severely punished, often were put to death.

The court of a high chief of Hawaii reminds us in some features of the court of a great lord of feudal days in England. There were nobles to do his bidding and who ate in his presence. There were priests, medicine-men and sorcerers. There were stewards, heralds, bards, clowns, dancers, and musicians. The chief was cared for at every turn, he was amused and interested as well as protected.

Only those of the chief class were allowed to wear the red or golden feather cloaks and helmets. Only they were allowed to paint their canoes and the sails thereof the royal red.

When a head chief travelled abroad all the common people had to throw themselves prone on the ground before him. To make sure this was observed, a herald went before crying aloud "Here comes the King!"

During the days of Kamehameha the Great there was very strict observance of reverence for the King. Whoever might happen to come upon the king's calabash of water as it was being carried from the spring to the house, must lie down upon the earth while the bearer of the calabash passed by.

The chiefs owned the land and the harvest, the fish of the sea, the time and labor of the common people. At the top was the king, who subdivided the royal lands among the high chiefs in return for the payment by them of tribute and military service. These subdivided their lands to lesser chiefs, who in return paid them tribute and military service. Last of all were the people who tilled the soil but owned no land.

All this would seem to have spelled slavery for the many. But in a way they were not slaves, for they were free to go from place to place and seek the patronage of a different chief if not

willing to remain under the one in whose service they happened to be. Still the lives of the common people were hard enough.

When their services were needed they were called upon to labor on the public works, the walled temples and walled fish-ponds. When bidden they must cultivate the taro, build houses, or provide food for the retainers of a chief that chanced to be travelling in their district. In addition to these irregular demands, they must have ready the ordinary tax for the chief above them, give him the share he demanded of fruit and vegetables, of pig, fowl and fish; of candle-nuts, cloth, nets, calabashes, and of feathers from the mountain birds. But when a chief died, his land would go back to the king, who might again apportion the land and give to the tenants thereon a new landlord.

There were different ranks, too, among the common people. Those at the top were the skilled laborers, or those clever at canoe-building or especially successful at fishing. At the bottom were the bond-slaves, who may have fallen to this place through capture in war.

Women had a peculiar position in the old days,

even those that belonged to the chief class. Many, many things were tabu to them. Men and women were forbidden to eat together, even to have their food cooked in the same oven. It was tabu for women to enter the place sacred to the family idols, or to enter the men's eating-house. It was tabu for women to eat pork, bananas, coconuts, and certain kinds of fish. And these tabus were sternly punished, even when broken by girl or woman of high rank. Once when two young girls of high rank were caught eating a banana, their nurse was put to death.

House, land, fruit, canoe, all could be made tabu. The sign that a thing was sacred, not to be approached or used by another, was usually the flying of a white flag, perhaps a piece of white tapa placed where it could be plainly seen. Tabus were put on fish for certain seasons, on particular fruits and vegetables, or a whole island might be tabu for a period, long or short as chief and priest might choose.

The priests were very powerful, and there were several orders of these. The higher priests were supposed to be able to talk with the gods, to

give and carry messages between the gods and the people. They were the medicine-men, too, and were looked up to as wise beings who could heal the sick.

Some, however, were feared and placated as possessors of evil powers, personages who could make an enemy ill, even pray him to death. And to this day such sorcerers, called by the natives Kahunas, are believed in; not a few people now dwelling in Hawaii stand in deadly fear of the Kahuna, the witch-doctor.

In the olden time the priest had to take an active part in battle. He was the one to rush forward and utter the war-cry, to make hideous faces and endeavor thereby to put terror into the heart of the enemy. The idols, too, with fearsome faces, were brought forward to aid in this work, and no doubt both priest and image did arouse fear and weaken the arm of the foe.

The dancers and those that recited the long chants, were called upon to pay honor both to the gods and to the chiefs. The dancers, dressed in decorated tapa, wore wreaths on their heads and wore ornaments of bracelet and anklet. They performed to the music of rude drums of various

sorts. As the bards chanted their tales, the dancers acted out the events described in these tales. Often large companies of women took part in the dance, and between the dances men-clowns would appear and play their part.

Their songs might be what were called name-songs, chants recited at the birth of a chief. These were feats of memory, and they told who and who and who were the ancestors of the newborn babe. They told, too, of the exploits of these ancestors, and thus was the history of the former days kept alive in the minds of those of the present. Fairy stories and other made-up stories were told and retold by the bards for the entertainment of a chief and his court. Also, there were chants to the gods, and there were chants prophesying events to come. Then there were love songs for the living, and dirges for the dead. Of the latter, the chant given below is an interesting example of a tribute to the memory of a friend.

Alas, alas dead is my chief,
Dead is my lord and my friend;
My friend in the season of famine,
My friend in the time of drought,

My friend in my poverty,
My friend in the rain and the wind,
My friend in the heat and the sun,
My friend in the cold from the mountain,
My friend in the storm,
My friend in the calm,
My friend in the eight seas.
Alas, alas, gone is my friend,
And no more will return.

Both at work and play the old-time Hawaiians had each his appointed task; dancer, musician and story-teller were needed then as now. King, high-chief, lesser chief, chiefess, priest, skilled worker and unskilled laborer, bond-slave, many men of many kinds there were, each with his especial duty.

IX

THE ISLAND CONQUEROR

IN the olden days in Hawaii, kings cast covetous eyes on neighboring islands, and wars were waged for the purpose of conquest of lands across the channels. At last came a king who was able to put all the islands under his control. The name of this king is Kamehameha the Great.

On the largest and southernmost island, Hawaii, Kamehameha was born. Nature, you remember, was supposed to announce by special signs the coming of the child of a high chief.

The child Kamehameha was born on a stormy November night about the year 1736. The story goes that in the noise, confusion and darkness of the storm—there was booming of surf and roaring of thunder—the new-born babe was at once carried away from his home in order that he might be saved from death at the hands of the jealous king; for prophecies had foretold that

this child was to become great and powerful. The story goes on to tell that the new-born babe was first concealed in a cave, where he was carefully tended by a chiefess, who was close kin to his mother. This chiefess watched over the child faithfully and gave him the name Kamehameha, which means the "Lonely One." Later she restored him to his mother. But when he was five years old the boy was taken to dwell in the court of the very king who had once sought to slay him. Now, for some reason, he was left untroubled.

In time the jealous king died and an uncle of Kamehameha became the ruler. Under him the youth was trained in the arts of war, proved superior in the casting and catching of the spear, and in feats of strength as well as of skill. As a young prince Kamehameha was drawn into the wars waged against a district on the island of Maui. In the invasion of the neighboring island he showed himself a daring soldier, and his fame spread abroad.

But the young Kamehameha was more than a fighter. Although a very high chief, he labored with his own hands. He aided in the building of

canoes, planted trees and cultivated taro; also worked at irrigating the land, and at other tasks of general good.

But presently he was again called to battle, for now there was warfare among rival kings on Hawaii. In the long period of war that followed, Kamehameha was a central figure, and was supported by strong chiefs, who urged him on to the kingship. In the long struggle he met with failure again and again; but he did not give up, and presently his warfare was strengthened by firearms and ammunition obtained from the white traders who had now started to barter with the natives. He learned the use of cannon and muskets, and was given presents of these by a visiting captain. At this time, also, two able white men who had been left behind by their ships, were added to Kamehameha's retinue and became his advisers. He treated them well, made them chiefs, but would not allow them to take passage on any departing vessel. And later, various deserting sailors were added to his train, and they, too, instructed him and his followers in the use of firearms. Now Kamehameha felt ready to set forth to subdue his old

enemy on the island of Maui; and spoke of further conquest, of the conquest of all the islands. Some of the chiefs on the island of Hawaii rallied to his cause, others stoutly opposed him.

With war-canoes and soldiers he set forth for the neighboring island. The Maui warriors were brave, but they were filled with terror at the new weapons used against them, weapons which shot forth fire and destruction. Great numbers were slain and many fled. On returning home, an army which had been raised against him there was partially destroyed during a volcanic eruption; and this caused Kamehameha to believe that Pele, the goddess of fire, was on his side. Yet victory was not his for some time to come. In addition to one strong enemy on his own island, jealous chiefs from other islands came against him. The latter he vanquished in a naval battle. The former he dealt with treacherously.

This man, named Keoua, was a very high chief, who believed that the kingdom of Hawaii was rightfully his own. He was brave and persistent, and for long had been able to withstand

Kamehameha. The latter found that Keoua and his staunch followers would be very hard to subdue by means of ordinary warfare. Finally he sent ambassadors to ask the proud chief to agree to a meeting wherein they could talk over their affairs and make peace terms. Keoua's advisers warned him that it would be better for him if he put the ambassadors to death; but they were his kindred and he refused to do this. They spoke to him with fair words, declared Kamehameha longed for peace, and begged that Keoua would go to visit Kamehameha for the purpose of making peace with him. Keoua agreed, put on his feather cloak and helmet, and set forth. As his canoe, well separated from the rest of his squadron, approached land, it was seen that the bay was dotted with war-canoes and the shore filled with warriors. But Kamehameha awaited there on the beach and Keoua arose to step ashore. Alas! Ere he could do so he was slain by a spear, wielded by a high chief in the service of Kamehameha. This treachery to a brave foe is the dark stain on the name of Hawaii's conqueror. He was now king of the

whole island of Hawaii, but made so at great cost!

Kamehameha while member of the train that attended his uncle, the aged king of Hawaii, was present when Captain Cook met his death at the hands of an angry chief. Now years later, when he himself was King of Hawaii, there visited his shores another famous English voyager, the wise and kindly Vancouver.

Kamehameha welcomed Vancouver, and the two grew to be firm friends. Vancouver presented the king with valuable gifts of cattle, sheep, plants, and seeds; while Kamehameha showered his new friend with the harvest gathered from land and sea, and bestowed upon him gifts of the rare feather garments. Vancouver often held conferences with Kamehameha, also spoke with the head-chiefs of neighboring islands, gave them all valuable counsel. He desired to make friends with the natives on the different islands, but steadfastly refused to sell them arms or ammunition. For this friend from the outside world tried to bring to an end the wars, which he saw, in his visits from time to

time, were weakening the natives. Before his departure he won their promises to come to terms of peace; though these promises were not carried out.

Vancouver's records of his visit to the Islands show that he regarded Kamehameha as a chief of unusual ability. He was also much impressed by his fine appearance. Kamehameha was tall beyond the average and splendidly built. When arrayed in his robes of state, wearing the magnificent feather cloak and helmet, he made a most imposing appearance.

On the occasion of a state visit to Vancouver's ship, anchored off shore, the distinguished Englishman greatly admired the pageant of the approach of Kamehameha and his attendants. The king came out to the ship with a squadron of eleven canoes; his own the largest and with eighteen paddles to a side. Well in the lead stepping aboard, his wonderful cloak trailed behind him, his feather helmet was borne proudly. He looked every inch a king, and was so treated by Vancouver.

Soon after the death of the old king of Maui, that island easily fell into the hands of Kame-

hameha. Learning that the chiefs of the island of Oahu had obtained possession of an armed vessel and were planning to sail to Hawaii to attack him, Kamehameha decided on turning the tables. With a great fleet of canoes he set sail on what proved his final conquest. Though some of his followers deserted and joined the opposing forces, he routed the enemy on Oahu; won a decisive battle in a mountain valley, where those that tried to flee were driven over a precipice and thus met their death. Kamehameha was now master of all save two islands, and these, in time, agreed to come peaceably under his sway.

A new life began for Hawaii. For Kamehameha had lent an ear to wise counsels; he saw the need of reforms within the land; he saw the need of defence against outside nations. With one strong man now in control of all the islands, the constant warfare between various jealous kings came to an end. The arts of peace were encouraged by Kamehameha, and he himself was an example of industry to his people. Often he showed, too, generosity and largeness of heart; and these qualities won over to his support his

former enemies. The land at last had rest from warfare.

Kamehameha is said to have been the first king to appreciate the need for protecting the birds of beautiful plumage. In his reign the hunters were warned not to kill the birds in their search for feathers. He also tried to save from utter destruction the sandal-wood forests, which were fast being cut down to supply the demand in China for this fragrant wood. He took an active part in the brisk trade himself, but tried to save the young trees for a future generation's needs. He endeavored, also, to keep his people from manufacturing distilled liquor, which knowledge had been introduced into the country by the lawless white men who were now seeking refuge in Hawaii. In spite of his efforts, however, the evils he feared he could not stay. Before long Hawaii lost her beautiful birds and her sandalwood forests; while the natives, generally, had stills for the manufacture of liquor.

Some years before Kamehameha's death, in 1803, a captain on his way from California to China brought the first horses to the islands.

Gifts of two horses were presented to the king, who, though old, became an expert horseman. In time horses became very numerous and wandered wild in the mountain pastures. In later days it was said horses were so cheap that beggars could ride in Hawaii.

During the later days of Kamehameha's reign a number of white men were living in the Islands. The native prophecy was fulfilled, the prophecy that foretold—"Foreigners should come here—white people—and as for their dogs people should ride upon them, and they should bring dogs with very long ears." (The army mule, to-day seen in numbers at the various U. S. Army posts on the island of Oahu, carries out that last promise, the bringing into the islands of "dogs with very long ears.")

The reign of Kamehameha was marked by a number of public works, which long stood as monuments to his energy and foresight. Walled temples and walled fish-ponds were constructed at his command. To get pure water he attempted to bore through layers of rock, but had to give up on account of lack of powder and lack of suitable tools. He did succeed, however,

in cutting deep into a precipice and making a road that led gradually down to the sea.

Kamehameha lived four-score years and more, saw the islands awake and advance. He died just a year before the coming of the first missionaries, who found that "The Conqueror" had done much to better the condition of his people. He proved ruler and reformer as well as conqueror. The severe punishment he caused to fall upon murderers, thieves and robbers, greatly lessened these crimes in his country; and as the saying was, "old men and the children could sleep in the highways safely." The lands throughout the Islands were parcelled out in small tracts, having been taken out of the hands of the district chiefs. Warring was brought to an end and agriculture was encouraged.

The conqueror was intelligent, public-spirited, energetic. Save for his treacherous treatment of the noble chief Keoua, he well deserves the title of Kamehameha the Great.

X

GODS AND GUARDIAN ANGELS

THE Islanders believed in numerous gods and spirits. They thought the high gods dwelt beyond the clouds somewhere. Some believed in gods that could not be seen, others in gods that could be seen.

They believed that the high gods created the heaven wherein they dwelt; and that because their feet ached there, they made the earth for a footstool. Then they created the big light, the sun, and the small lights, the stars. Angels to act as messengers they created at the time the stars came into being. The ocean was put about the earth and made salt that the waters be kept pure. When the land was ready with its plants and animals, man was made, perfect in form. Later woman was created, and she, too, was beautiful.

There were three great gods, they declared. One, whom they called Kane, was supposed to

have created the world and to be the Father of all mankind. The god Lono and the god Ku, also were supposed to be of great power.

With the coming in of voyagers from other islands, other gods became known. In time there were many, many of the lesser gods. There was a special god for fishermen, another for farmers; and there were gods to be appealed to when building a canoe, gods to be prayed to when setting up a house. Dancers had their own goddess, tapa-beaters their special deity, while even thieves, robbers and murderers, had their own deities.

Certain animals were supposed to have god-like powers. Shark-gods were revered by fishermen, lizards were greatly feared generally, and the owl was looked upon as a sacred bird. It was thought that sometimes the spirits of ancestors dwelt in certain animals, and that these must not be injured in any way; in fact that they must have food placed for them and prayers said to them. Some family might have a shark-god, another might worship the owl as its special guardian.

The old Hawaiians said that when the spirits

were pleased with one, they acted as guardian angels; and even that dread monster the shark was looked upon as powerful and kindly to those to whom he belonged. Stories handed down from generation to generation tell of friendly sharks that helped save people from drowning, and of kindly sharks that carried shipwrecked folk to their port. The stories tell also of miraculous aid given by owls, of people rescued from near death by this wonderful bird.

But the spirits dwelling in these special animals were not always bent on doing good. It was believed that those whom they befriended could employ them to punish their enemies. A shark could be sent to the waters laving another island, and there work evil upon the enemy of his employer. And many of the old tales relate stories of this sort. Or if one had neglected to pay proper respect to his guardian spirit, then that one would himself be punished. If his own shark-god had been offended, perhaps when the offender was fishing the shark would come and scare all the fish away. Or it might be that a storm would arise, the waters would become very rough and the person would be drowned. Those

spirits could be unfriendly to their own as well as friendly.

There were half-gods, too, so the people imagined: some that were part god and part man; others that were part god and part animal. One demi-god there was that was fancied to go about sometimes in the form of a man; sometimes in that of a giant hog. He could change his form as he wished, could travel fast and far, and he was supposed to be able to command floods of water with which to overpower an enemy. There are many stories told relating to him and his struggles with Pele, the dread goddess of volcanoes. Some of the stories end one way, others have wholly another ending. Some say that Pele and her aides overpowered the demi-god with fire and red-hot stones. Others declare that he finally married Pele and was able to control her fierce tempers; that fewer and fewer fire fountains shot forth from the craters on the various islands, fewer and fewer rivers of fire dashed down the mountain sides.

Pele's favorite home was in the crater of Kilauea, on the mountain slope about four thousand feet above the sea. Pele was as cruel

as she was powerful, and ever with the weapon of fire at her command. She had five brothers and eight sisters, all of whom she called upon when actively engaged in evil. Steam, Vapor, Thunder, and Darkness were her kin. Pele and all her tribe filled men with fear. Men brought her offerings, they recited prayers to her, they tried in all the ways taught them by the priests to please her and keep her from showing her hot angers. But she was hard to please and fiercely jealous. Her punishments were quick and sure.

The Islanders held sacred the sun, the moon, the clouds, lightning, thunder, the heavy rain, the light rain (mist), the rainbow. The priests were supposed to see signs in the heavens, and to be able to declare whether thereby good or evil was foretold.

Idols also were worshipped. These idols were made of stone, wood, and other materials. Numbers of these were placed inside the temples and upon the temple walls. One of the idols was a bust of huge size, fashioned of wicker-work and covered with feather-work of different colors. Large pearl oysters with a black nut fixed in the center formed the eye. The mouth

was set with a double row of teeth. Fearsome looking was this object and well fitted to arouse fear in the hearts of beholders. When carried into war the horrible face of the war-god as well as the horrible faces made by the priests, must have added terror to the heart of the enemy. All the idols, it would seem, were intended to excite fear.

Priests and wizards added to the terror of the time; they had much earthly power, and were supposed to have magic power from the gods they served. By the people they were held as high as, if not higher than, chief and king. There were different orders of priests. Belonging to the priesthood were the weather prophets, also the fortune-tellers who read the clouds. There were priests whose business it was to give advice about everyday matters, where to place a house, how to build it. There were medical priests and massage priests. There were temple priests and there were high priests whose dread work it was to pray people to death. The latter were believed in absolutely and greatly feared.

There were many tabus, many forbidden things. Very strict were the tabus in regard to



Courtesy National Park Service

A LAND OF MYSTERY

Accustomed to battling of clouds and volcanic eruptions, it is not strange that the Hawaiian believed in gods and spirits of sky and earth.

temples, and idols, prayers and seasons. The priest watched closely to see that these tabus were obeyed. If anyone dared disobey them, that one would be put to death. If a new idol was to be fashioned, or carried into the temple, or a sacred idol carried among the people, or the chief prayers recited, the strictest tabu must be obeyed. Often the tabu of silence was ordered. Alexander says: "There were many occasions when no canoe could be launched, no fire lighted, no tapa beaten, no poi pounded and no sound could be uttered on pain of death: when even the dogs had to be muzzled, and the fowls were shut up in calabashes for twenty-four hours at a time."

The tabus were very hard on the people generally, but especially hard on the women. Because against women certain tabus were never lifted. A woman was not allowed to eat with her husband and older sons, not allowed to enter their house, and never allowed to eat certain kinds of food. The queens chafed secretly against the tabus, and at last rebelled openly. It was a woman who finally abolished the tabus, and ordered the destruction of idols and temples.

Her name, Kaahumanu, should be known, for she was a personage of daring and of high courage. She was Kamehameha's favorite queen, and the king appointed that after his death she should be the guardian of the young king, also prime minister of the kingdom, having equal power with the king. The new ruler being weak and dissipated, Kaahumanu took affairs pretty much into her own hands. She at once directed that the tabus be done away with, declaring they were needless and bothersome. The king hesitated; but Kaahumanu pushed him to action. The king with his followers set forth on a journey and openly broke certain tabus. At one place he ordered a feast whereat men and women should eat together. This was the breaking of an age-old tabu, and the people looked on in fear and trembling; but as no harm befell, they cried aloud, "The tabus are at an end, and the gods are a lie!"

Shortly messengers were sent abroad to proclaim that the tabus now could be broken without fear of punishment. And the order went abroad for the destruction of idols and temples. This destruction went on rapidly and thoroughly,

though here and there on the Islands it was opposed. For not a few feared that anger would descend on the people from the offended gods. Not all at once can the beliefs of a nation be changed. And to this day, over a hundred years after the command went forth to destroy idols and temples, there still lingers in Hawaii some of the old beliefs and superstitions.

Ere we leave these Islands of the past, let us hear some of the folk-tales which are still told but which hark back to grass-hut days. These tales are of elf and of guardian-spirit, of strange god and strange goddess that had their home in Hawaii before the coming of the White Man.

PART II

FOLK-TALES

I

ISLAND FAIRIES

THE Menehunes were Hawaiian fairies, very little folk that were good-natured and liked to help people at hard tasks. They may have been less than a foot high, but they were tremendous workers.

Whatever they did was hard to do and well done. They worked in swarms and fast as a wink and always worked at night.

The Menehunes were usually invisible to mortal eyes, but their voices could be heard. Through the forest would travel the murmur and hum of these voices—"Mn—Mn—Mn—Mn!"

The Menehunes were like ordinary people in that they liked to eat. They always expected to have food set out ready for them; were especially fond of bananas, shrimps and of the stem of the taro leaf, which stem is toothsome and tender.

The Menehunes loved a joke, they now and then were mischievous. Sometimes they would

tear down instead of build up, then laugh and chatter over their mischief.

There was the case of Laka, who tried to build a canoe.

Laka was the son of a chief of Maui. The boy was greatly petted by his parents. To get a certain plaything for the son the father set forth on a voyage to the large island of Hawaii. Neither he nor any of the men that went with him returned from the voyage. What had happened to them no one knew. Laka grieved greatly for his parent and would not believe that he was dead. He thought he might have been shipwrecked on some seldom-visited shore, and decided to go in search of him. But first he must build a canoe for the trip.

His grandmother, who was wise in the old beliefs, said to him: "Go mauka (to the mountain) and hunt for the tree with leaves shaped like the new moon. Of this tree build your canoe."

Laka climbed up and up the mountain, at last coming to a koa tree whose twinkling leaves were narrow and rounded like the crescent moon. With his stone adze he cut away at the tree all

day long. By evening it lay upon the ground. He then went home to sleep. When he returned in the morning he was greatly surprised and disappointed, for there was no sign of the previous day's hard work! He cried aloud in amazement:

“My tree, my tree, it has risen again! It stands rooted in the ground!”

And such was the case. He looked about in all directions, but could see no track of an enemy. Yet all about there seemed laughing, mocking voices. Was he dreaming, or did there come from among the leaves these teasing words—

Laka cut down the tree,
The tree grew anew!
Laka cut down the tree,
The tree grew anew!

Angrily he called and searched, but he could find no one. The only thing for him to do seemed to be to chop away once more. And there followed another day of hard work.

Again and again it happened. Each day he labored to lay low a tree, each night some magic restored it to its former place in the forest. At

last he decided to hide there a night and try to discover what kind of mischievous sprites were defeating his work.

But first he dug a trench. This was for his tree to fall in; it also was to serve as his hiding place.

Night came. Presently the forest was alive with murmur and hum. "Mn—Mn—Mn—Mn!" A swarm of little people filled the forest. He could hear them but not see them. They scrambled about the tree, they were everywhere. As they labored they chattered and made merry:

"Ha, our work begins. What fun it is! We gather the twigs, we pick up the leaves. We bind the twigs to the branches. We gum the branches to the trunk. Soon we shall be ready to put our tree back in the forest."

"Our tree back in the forest," a chorus answered.

"Our tree shall stand, not bob upon the water as a canoe," one called.

"Our tree shall stand, not bob upon the water as a canoe," the chorus answered.

And Laka heard.

Now followed a great tugging and pulling,

but the tree, wedged in the trench, did not move easily. Then Laka rushed forth and catching several of the band held them tight by circling his arms about them.

"Let us go," they squealed, "let us go!" while they kicked and struggled lustily.

"Tell me," answered Laka, "why do you night by night destroy my hard work?"

The little brown men threw back their heads. "It is our forest," they declared. "Why do you come into it? Why do you steal our tree?"

"So, so, the forest belongs to you, does it?" and now Laka laughed, laughed so hard that the little brown men in his arms had a great shaking as his chest rose and fell.

Then suddenly he stopped laughing. He remembered something. "Are you the Menehunes?" he asked.

"Ay! Ay!" ran through the forest, a sound like that made by the scraping of the hala leaves in a high wind.

"I thought the Menehunes good spirits, not evil ones," went on Laka. "Yet you do me evil. I come to the forest to find a koa tree to build a strong canoe that I may go upon the sea to

search for my lost father. And you hinder me instead of help me. Why is this?"

The sprites hung their heads. A sigh of regret floated through the forest. They whispered among themselves, then called out: "Laka, Laka, give us a chance to show what we can do for one who is worthy to be our friend. You are a good son, we will help you. Go home. Prepare food for all our men. And down by the seashore build a shed long enough to hold a canoe. Then you will find out what the Menehunes can do for you."

Laka descended to his home. The next day he gave orders to his servants to make ready for a feast that should be pleasing to the army of little men. And down by the seashore he put up the shelter which he had been told to build.

The following morning he climbed the mountain to the spot where had stood the fine koa tree. And what did he find there now?

A beautiful canoe!

His heart beat fast with happiness. He called aloud: "Menehunes, you are indeed true friends, good friends!"

The forest resounded with small shrill voices

all talking together and laughing in high glee. At last from all the confusion he understood these words:

“Go home again, Laka. To-night put out the food for our men, and the canoe will be taken down to the sea.”

Laka did as he was told, knowing that the Menehunes would keep their word.

In the middle of the night the forest was filled with murmur and hum. “Mn—Mn—Mn—Mn!” The canoe was lifted upon the shoulders of a drove of tiny men. Again, “Mn—Mn—Mn—Mn!” and the procession moved down the mountain. A third hum and murmur, and the canoe rested under its shelter beside the sea.

Now the merry men could take their reward. There upon the sands a plentiful supper was spread for them, and they sat down in hundreds to feast and laugh and chatter. The shrimps were delicious, the taro tops young and well cooked, the bananas ripe. Laka had done his best for them.

They remained long at the feast; afterward tumbled about on the sands, waded in the water, danced and frolicked until that hour which is the

darkest, the hour before dawn. This was their warning to scamper back to the forest up there on the mountain.

Soon after daylight Laka came out on the beach. He ran to the shelter. There he found the canoe built by the Menehunes in a single night, and in another night brought from the mountain away down to the sea!

II

KILA'S RIDE ON THE SHARK

ON Niihau, that very small island at the end of the string of islands that make up Hawaii, there dwelt a man named Kila. He was tall and strong though not good-looking. He was much dreaded by his neighbors because of his ugliness. And not only was Kila ugly but also lazy. His wife often scolded him about his laziness. The only work that he would do was fishing.

Sometimes he would go out alone, again he took one or more along to help him with his net. When Kila saw a school of fish coming he would throw his net into the sea. His helper would be on the other side of the boat to keep the fish from escaping. Then the two would pull the net together and lift the catch into the boat.

Sometimes Kila would make a pile of stones out in the water and leave them there for a day or two. The fish would come and hide among

them. Then with a helper he would go to this place, work his net under the stones, lift them and with them the fish.

Another trick which helped him in his fishing was the use of a decorated rope. He would take a rope to which were fastened many small stones and the dried long narrow leaves of the ti shrub. The leaves were to attract the fish. Into the sea he would drop his net and rope, then pull one end of the rope and his helper the other end. When the ends came together Kila would dive down into the water and drive the fish that had gathered around into his net. He was very successful at fishing.

He went out every day, which made his skin dark and rough, made him still uglier. But he liked to frighten the people and only laughed when they repeated a strange story about him. They said that he spent most of his life on the water because he had a remarkable companion out there away from land. And they said this companion was that monster, the Shark!

This Shark, the natives declared, brought him his luck at fishing, and was always looking out for him.

Kila would provide fish for his family but nothing else. His wife, however, was very diligent. She raised the sweet potatoes, which they must have to go with their fish. She went to the marshes and cut reeds, from which she made the finest of mats. She wandered up and down the beaches gathering the tiny white shells for which Niihau is famous, the ones that are called Hawaiian pearls. She strung these shells into necklaces, which are much liked by the Hawaiians. Her mats and necklaces were always in demand, and through the disposal of these she helped take care of the family.

Sometimes after working hard in the field she would become very tired; and sometimes impatient. One day after a quarrel between husband and wife, Kila made up his mind to leave his wife for awhile and go to Oahu to stay with an aunt, who was living in Honolulu.

Seven men planned to accompany him. Food and clothing were prepared by the others, and the voyage was begun.

The party set forth in a staunch canoe. This canoe was hollowed out of a single tree and was steadied by an outrigger, a slender log of light

wood fastened to the canoe by curved cross-pieces. Their sail, made of a mat, was broad at the base and triangular in shape. They had no compass, but looked to the sun for guide by day and to the stars by night.

At first all went well. On the second day an unusual storm arose and giant waves dashed over the canoe. The people were able to save themselves, but their food and clothing were swept away. The men became cold and hungry. They talked together. They said that Kila might have asked his Shark to help them in their trouble. Besides he had done no part of the labor. It was an unlucky voyage, they decided; and they would not continue on it. Neither would they take Kila back with them. And he was forthwith cast into the sea.

But Kila, who was a strong swimmer, did not drown. He battled with the waves and made good progress for some time. At last, however, his strength began to fail. So he turned over on his back to rest. As he floated he looked around on all sides. He was far from land, no rock or shore was within sight. What could he do?

Then as he lay there floating and wondering

he felt something warm under him. The sea became red. He found himself lifted and borne along. What, what was carrying him? It was his Shark!

And his Shark took him swiftly, safely, league upon league, clear to Oahu. There he was set ashore. Then the Shark backed away from land, out into the ocean.

When those that knew Kila heard how he had been saved, they cried: "The lazy man has one friend!"

III

OLD WOMAN PELE

PELE, the dread goddess of volcanoes, was sly and her home was not on a mountain top for all to see. She dwelt rather low on the side of the mountain.

Near her abode uprose a wonderful forest wherein were tree-ferns and singing birds. The forest gave no sign of being close to a lake of fire, and close to the Goddess of Fire. But beyond the forest all was different.

Just beyond the greenness and flowers and singing birds, there was a drop of hundreds of feet down to a great dark basin. This was an old crater. The floor was of lead-colored lava, cracked in places and in places red-hot. Through the cracks rose clouds of steam, the air was heavy with the smell and taste of sulphur.

Away over at one side there was a deep pit, a pit within a pit. This was an active crater,

a lake of fire with red billows that tossed angrily. And this was Pele's home.

When Pele was not angry the lower pit would be filled chiefly with smoke and vapor; but when she was angered all was changed. The lake then rose up hundreds of feet, fountains of flames were thrown high aloft, there was a great bubbling and hissing and sputtering.

Pele not only showed her anger openly but also slyly. She would sometimes send forth underground rivers of fire, that later were to flow above ground and destroy all in their path as they journeyed down to the sea. Houses, people, fields would be covered with the hot flood. For Pele was all-powerful whether she worked openly or secretly.

She was fond of travel, and liked to go about in disguise. One day when she started to go around the island of Hawaii she appeared to be just a feeble old woman travelling alone.

Her head was bent, her back bowed, her hair as white as the snow on top of Mauna Loa. She looked very unlike a goddess, a being of fierce temper and great power.

On this journey around Hawaii she came

upon a large lake and noted that some men were out on the water fishing. She sat down by the shore to wait for the fishermen to pass that way. Presently they beached their canoes not far from where she was sitting, then picked up their things and started to go home. As they were about to pass her she hailed them.

“Pray give me some of your fish,” she begged.

“No, they are for us, not for you!” the selfish men answered, and laughed.

She asked again; and again they said: “No! they are for us.”

Then she begged for just the scales of the fish. The men replied: “You cannot have even the scales of our fish.”

At this last refusal the old woman became very angry. She raised her bent form, threw out her arms, and with fire flashing from her eyes cried: “Selfish men, who refuse to give even the scales of your fish to a poor woman, this very night that poor woman shall send her fires down upon you and upon your beautiful lake. Before another day you and yours shall hear from the old woman whom you scorned and refused. She never forgets!”

Then she turned her back on the men and continued her journey.

She went on, and on. At last she came to a grass hut in front of which two girls were cooking some bread-fruit. The old woman said to them: "For whom are you cooking this bread-fruit?"

The girl called Momi, answered: "I am cooking it for Lai, because she is the strongest goddess of them all, stronger even than Pele."

Fire once more flashed from the old woman's eyes but she said nothing. Then she looked at the other girl.

"I," answered the one called Lewa, "am cooking bread-fruit for my Pele, goddess of the Volcano," and she pointed up the mountain not far distant.

Lewa spoke of the goddess as a friend, called her "*My* Pele." The old woman looked at her and smiled; said to her: "Your words feed me, I do not need to eat more. You yourself may eat the bread-fruit meant for Pele."

But the food meant for the goddess Lai the old woman snatched from the fire and hurled down the near-by gulch. Then with a black

scowl on her face she turned on Momi. "Lai is your friend," she screamed; "see what help she can give you. You will need help to-night!"

Shaking with anger she removed her gaze from the frightened girl, and looked off toward her mountain.

It stood there fresh and green. Amid the trees there was no sign of fire or smoke. But the old woman knew what lay underneath and beyond. Sometimes the top of Mauna Loa showed red with fire instead of white with snow.

She had work to do this night. She must go on.

She bade Lewa lead her to the path that would take her quickly up the mountain. When the two were out of Momi's hearing, the old woman gave this order: "Leave this girl Momi to her fate. Return at once to your own home. Tell your parents to place sticks with white cloth tied thereto on all they own. Have them thus mark mountain-house, beach-house, field and fish-pond."

Then the mysterious stranger disappeared.

Lewa obeyed promptly. Though urged by Momi to remain, she left and went up the valley

to her home. Here she told everything that had taken place.

The parents speedily did as they were directed by the daughter. And they said to her: "That was not an ordinary old woman who spoke with you. That was your goddess Pele."

Then the parents added: "To-night trouble will befall Momi and Momi's parents because she prepared the bread-fruit for Lai instead of for Pele."

Lewa mourned for Momi and her family, who were to fall victims to Pele's anger. But wearied, at last she fell asleep.

In the middle of the night she and her parents were suddenly awakened by a rumbling sound from the mountain. They rushed without. The air about their faces felt hot, waves of heat arose from the ground on all sides.

"Pele is angry again! Pele is again sending out her fires!" cried the older people.

But they, this house, and all they owned remained untouched. Mountain-house, beach-house, field and fish-pond were in the path of the lava-flow, but when it came to them it divided and left them unharmed.

How different it was with Momi, her family and all they owned! All met with ruin.

From the mountain Pele had sent her burning lava underground for a distance. But near Momi's house it came above ground and thence flowed down to the sea. It overcame the girl, her household, and destroyed everything that they possessed. Where the house of Momi stood, a hill of lava was piled above and around the place. And the top was shaped like a bread-fruit!

The lava went even to the beautiful lake where Pele had asked for fish and had been refused. This precious lake was filled in and almost covered over, only a little water was left to gleam amid the leaden lava.

The selfish fishermen did not escape. When they saw the river of lava approaching they fled as fast as they could down to the sea. But Pele chased after; an angry woman with streaming red hair, her feet set in a flowing river of fire. She chased them clear to the water's edge. Here the men leaped into their canoe and tried to speed away. But Pele was still after them. She followed them clear into the ocean, there

her river making a great hissing and sizzling. Heated waves dashed against their canoe, clouds of steam burst forth and spread out far. They were engulfed by the enemy. The selfish fishermen met with a terrible death, overpowered by Pele in the boiling sea!

IV

THE RAINBOW GIRL

I. THE SEARCH FOR A HOME

LEILANI lived with her grandparents on the island of Hawaii. She was more beautiful than others, and wherever she went there was a rainbow over her.

Her grandfather was very powerful, and his power was strengthened by the possession of a magic calabash. In most things he was able to obtain his own way. Wherefore when he ordered his grand-daughter to become the wife of a man whom she disliked, she plotted to flee far away.

The grandmother, who loved Leilani devotedly, aided her. She told an uncle of the girl to hoist a sail to his outrigger canoe and take Leilani to the island of Molokai. The uncle obeyed without delay; voyaged with the girl to the distant island.

Here Leilani hoped to hide away from every

one. And for awhile she wandered about unseen, but presently was revealed by her rainbow.

At that time there lived on the island of Oahu a youth named Pahaku. He saw the far-off rainbow on Molokai again and again, and concluded that it had meaning for him. He believed that it was sending him a message, and made up his mind to cross the water to find out about it. Quickly he got ready for the voyage to the other island, quickly set forth.

Leilani in her wanderings had come upon a deserted grass hut high in a mountain valley. Under this hut she discovered a kind of pit where she could hide if any one were to approach. She felt safe here, and for a time was content; but after awhile she longed for a companion.

One day whilst seated in front of the hut stringing a lei (wreath) of the lovely and fragrant ginger blossoms, she looked down the valley and saw some one climbing the slope toward her home. In alarm she fled to the pit, fearing her grandfather had sent a pursuer after her.

All the way from the beach Pahaku had seen a rainbow mist hovering over the hut, which stood out from its surroundings. But as he

neared the place the rainbow disappeared. He paced slowly round and round the little grass house, then stepped inside, looking all about and at last down into the pit. There he beheld faintly the many colors of the rainbow, and in the darkness discovered the girl.

"O Rainbow Maiden, who are you?" he cried. "And why are you here all alone?"

Leilani noted the kindness in the voice of the stranger, and lost her fear of him.

"Come without the hut, Friend," she answered, "and I will tell you my story."

She joined Pahaku out of doors. Seating herself under a lehua tree she told the youth her story.

"I have been sad and lonely," she began. "My home is with my grandmother on the island of Hawaii, and I love her dearly but cannot live with her. For my grandfather would force me to become the bride of a man who is cruel and in every way wicked. My grandfather owns a magic calabash and is very powerful. I fear him greatly, I fear to live near him. My good grandmother helped me to escape to this island. My uncle brought me hither. From the sea-

shore I fled toward the forest. At the edge of the forest I found this deserted house. And here I dwell all alone."

Pahaku listened closely, and felt sorrow for the lonely girl far from her kind grandmother, off by herself in this mountain valley.

Her story ended, Leilani picked up her unfinished lei and began adding flowers to the long grass on which the creamy blossoms were strung. About the girl her rainbow hovered. Beyond her a trickling waterfall made a veil of mist. In the tree above her a tiny bird, colored like the crimson pompons of the lehua flowers, sang its few notes softly.

The place was beautiful, but far away from the sea and the village. Pahaku asked Leilani to leave the spot. He begged her to become his bride and go back with him to Oahu.

She did not know what answer to give. Where could she look for counsel? List! Was the breeze, just springing up, bringing her a message? Is that her grandmother's voice saying, "Go?"

She arose and said to Pahaku, "I will follow you."

And with Leilani in his canoe Pahaku returned to his home on Oahu.

II. THE VISIT TO THE GRANDMOTHER

In her new home on Oahu, Leilani was happy and contented for a time. But she could not forget her grandmother's loneliness. She became silent and troubled. One day Pahaku said to her:

"Leilani, why are you now so sad? Why are you no longer happy here? Is your heart not filled with aloha (love) for our beautiful home in Manoa Valley?"

"My heart is heavy because of my grandmother," Leilani answered. "If I could see her once more then I would be content. Please take me to my own island."

It was a long, long way in the canoe, but Pahaku to please Leilani prepared for the voyage from Oahu to Hawaii.

Winds and waves were kindly, and sooner than they had hoped they landed on the shore well known to Leilani. From the beach they could see the grandparents' home perched up there on the hill. Leilani said to her husband:

“Pahaku, await here by the shore, I will go alone to the house and see if all is well. Then I will send you a message, for which you must be ready. If I send down to you from the mountain a sweet odor, come to me quickly. But if I send down a bitter odor, then you must go away. Aloha (Farewell), Pahaku, I hasten that you may hear from me soon.”

And she left him waiting on the beach. Swiftly she followed the steep rocky path leading to the house on the hill. At the noon hour she hoped to find her grandmother resting and her grandfather asleep.

When the grandfather was asleep his eyes were wide open, and when he was awake his eyes were shut. As she neared the house she saw him lying under a tree. His eyes were just opening, which meant that he was just going to sleep.

She stole softly among the ferns and shrubs looking for her grandmother. There she was at the side of the house!

“Dear, dear Grandmother,” she whispered as she came close and put her arms about the old woman. “Aloha Oe! Aloha Oe! (Love to you! Love to you!)”

The grandmother was greatly surprised and delighted to see Leilani, but remembering the grandfather did not cry aloud in her joy.

“Aloha nui! Aloha nui! (Very much love),” she softly replied. “My child, my child, day by day I have longed for you, many nights have dreamed of you. But you should not be here. At once you must go away. Your grandfather has sworn to kill you if he ever sees you again.”

And just then the grandfather awoke.

He discovered Leilani as she was turning to flee. With a loud cry he started toward her. As he raised his hand to strike her down, the rainbow about her grew brighter and brighter, seemed to enwrap and protect the girl. The old man’s arm fell to his side. Muttering he went back to his pile of mats and presently fell into a sound sleep, lying there with his eyes wide open.

At once Leilani sent the sweet odor of the ginger-flower down to her husband. He came quickly. Now the two had a long talk with the grandmother, and remained until she bade them leave.

Before they left, Leilani entered the house

and took from its hiding place the magic calabash. On the way down the path she dashed it to pieces on the rocks.

"Now, my Pahaku," she said, "we are safe. You need no longer fear that my grandfather can harm me."

By the time they reached the shore they were hungry and set about to catch some fish. While they were fishing the husband's hook caught on a rock and Leilani dived down into the water to loosen it. But before she went she warned Pahaku thus:

"If any girl comes while I am gone and says she is your wife, do not believe her. Your true wife will come up at the place where she went down."

A while afterwards a beautiful girl, who looked like and yet unlike Leilani, came up from the water and claimed to be his wife.

"You are not!" he cried. "My wife went down there and comes up there," pointing to a rock out in the water.

At that the girl smiled and disappeared, in an instant re-appearing at this place.

He thought then that she really was his wife.

He bade her get into the canoe, and started off with her for a better fishing place.

When they were far out from land his wife came up out of the water and saw him sailing away with another. She grieved and wailed and called aloud to him; but all in vain.

Again Leilani was alone. Sadly she walked back and forth on the beach. When she looked away from the sea toward the mountain she thought of her grandmother.

"Dear, dear Grandmother," she called, "I am in trouble. Can you not help me? Please, please help me get back to my home on Oahu!"

The trade wind, soft but quick-travelling, carried the message. The faithful grandmother acted at once. She sent down to the shore a huge turtle. He was to aid the girl.

The turtle told Leilani to mount upon his back. She did so, and the turtle swam off with her out into the broad ocean. Steadily, surely he carried her the long, long leagues to Oahu. And he landed her on the beach just as Pahaku's canoe was coming ashore. The false wife on seeing her, dived into the water and was heard of no more.

Pahaku and Leilani then hastened to their home in Manoa Valley, which they never left again. There, day by day, also on nights of bright moonlight, still may be seen the rainbow of Leilani.

V

THE SELFISH CHIEF

LONG, long ago there lived a high chief in Kau. This chief often spent a few weeks in Kona, where he liked to go for a holiday. One time when he was about ready to leave Kona, he sent forerunners to tell his retainers in Kau that he was soon returning home. He also sent word to them to come and meet him at the landing at Kapua, and ordered them to bring for him a number of things in addition to poi, fish and other Hawaiian food.

The servants and priests made ready and went to Kapua to meet him. While they were waiting there they noticed several canoes out on the ocean sailing towards Kau. They wondered why the canoes did not land at Kapua, as the plan had been.

After awhile a single canoe came towards shore, and in it was a messenger. He told them that the chief had changed his mind and was

going farther on; to Kalae, that there he would come ashore.

The food that had been carefully spread down for the chief and his attendants was patiently gathered up and packed again, although the men were tired and hungry. The way had been long and hot; they were thirsty and footsore. But uncomplainingly they walked on with their heavy burdens.

They came to Kalae. Here they were told that the chief had decided to go still farther on, to the landing at Kaalualu.

The men by now were almost exhausted, but still made no complaint. Patiently they journeyed to Kaalualu. When they got there they saw the canoes out on the ocean and nobody on shore save one man.

He was another messenger. He had been put there to tell the servants the chief had gone on to Waiohinu, and that he wanted them to walk up to Waiohinu.

But the men by this time were angry at the unjust chief and would not obey. Faint and famished they sat down by the seashore and ate up all the food. Then they lay down to rest.

When they arose they filled their large calabashes with stones and dirt, after which they journeyed along towards Waiohinu.

At quite a distance from this place they beheld the chief and his followers; on land, and on the lookout for the arrival of the tardy food-bearers. The chief called to them to hurry because he was exceedingly hungry. They did not obey.

Then when the men reached the waiting company and removed the covers from their calabashes, they threw dirt and stones upon the selfish chief and his followers. And they kept on hurling the stones and dirt until the chief and his attendants were completely covered.

VI

A FISHERMAN'S BAD LUCK

THE native fisherman considers it would bring him bad luck were his wife to clean their house while he is out on the sea with net or hook or spear. Also he thinks it would bring bad luck if he were to tell anyone that he was going fishing.

Kalani was an old-time Hawaiian and had faith in various of the handed-down beliefs. He fully believed in the house-cleaning sign. And he fully believed that a shark could be either a very good friend to a fisherman, or else a sly and strong enemy.

One morning Kalani arose very early to go out fishing. Of course he did not tell Keahi, his wife, anything about it. When she heard him moving about outside she sat up in her bed, a pile of mats on the floor, and peered through the low doorway. Kalani was standing still, gazing mauka (mountainward).

“Ay, ay, he is going for ti leaves and ferns for our luau (feast) to-morrow,” she said to herself. “That is good. While he is gone I will clean our house.” She called to her husband: “Aloha (good-by), Kalani. Have a good day mauka.”

He answered back, “Aloha, Keahi, have a good day at home.”

Keahi did not tell Kalani what she intended to do with her day, while, as has been said, Kalani did not tell Keahi what his plan was. And that was what made all the trouble.

Awhile after Kalani left, Keahi arose and began work. At once she started to give the house a good cleaning. She took out all the mats, shook them, washed them on both sides, then laid them down nice and flat so they would dry well. With a broom made from the midrib of a coconut leaf she swept the house and the bare ground near by. Last she got out the perfumed tapa bed-covering, tapa that had been scented with maile, that fragrant mountain vine. She put their grass house at its very best.

Then she rested for awhile in front of the house and thought with pleasure of the coming

luau. The feast would be spread out of doors, out under the trees. A fine mat would be laid down, and this would be covered with fresh ferns from the mountain. The guests would sit on the ground about the mat, and each would wear leis of maile, or of ferns and gay blossoms.

At the luau what good things they would have to eat! There would be fish and pork wrapped in ti leaves and cooked in the imu. There would be poi and steamed taro tops. For a relish they would have inamona (kukui nuts roasted, pounded, salted and having a dash of chili pepper). There would be that delicious pudding made of fresh coconut and sweet potato. Maybe there would be bananas. Perhaps there would be mangos.

And of course they would have music out under the trees; the music of singing voices, of guitar and ukelele.

Their luau promised to be a fine one. Thus in work and dream Keahi's day was passing pleasantly.

But what of her husband meanwhile? Poor Kalani had been having a very hard time, very bad luck.

He had carefully got ready for his fishing, had taken bait, hooks, lines, net and fishing basket. For bait he had crabs' legs, some coconut meat, bits of taro, and a little kukui nut. But he was able to obtain nothing to put into his basket. Hour after hour he toiled out there on the water, but met with no success. And it was all on account of a shark which kept swimming round and round his canoe, scaring away all the fish.

"Why are you here?" Kalani cried out to the shark. "Why do you keep hanging around and driving all the fish away?"

The shark made no reply, just kept on circling near by. At last Kalani gave up in despair. "There is some reason for this," he said to himself. "Something is wrong at home."

Hot and tired and angry he set forth for home. As he toiled up the hill towards the house and thought of his wasted morning his anger increased.

"Keahi! Keahi! Keahi!" he cried in a loud voice. "Where are you? Do you sleep the day long?"

But there was no answer from Keahi. For she was down at the stream bathing after all her

hard work. Kalani strode about the place looking to see what was wrong. He discovered the swept floor and the swept ground without the house; also the neatly-piled mats. He inhaled the perfume of the best tapa. It made him very angry.

As ill luck would have it, Keahi was now seen coming from the stream. She had put on a clean red holoku (dress), and upon her head was a lei of red blossoms. As he saw her coming along so gaily and heard her singing, he shook his head and scowled.

Keahi came on unheeding.

She felt rested and fresh after her swim in the pool. Her eyes were clear and bright. Her long black hair hung about her shoulders. In her hand she carried a sheaf of wild ginger flowers plucked by the stream. As she crossed the gulch and advanced toward the house she thought how pleased her husband would be to see their place in such good order.

And then she discovered her husband there by the house. She cried out: "My Kalani, you come early from the mountain. Did you bring many ferns and ti leaves?"

Kalani did not answer, but took quick steps down the hill toward her. His face was dark and frowning.

"What! What!" faltered Keahi.

"Ay, what? What?" mocked Kalani. "That is for me to ask. I work all day long and you spoil my work!"

"No, no," wailed Keahi. "I have done you no harm. All day I toiled for you. I made our house all new. And I made for you a lei."

"Ay, ay," muttered her husband.

"But how has that harmed you?" she asked, opening her big eyes bigger. "That could not bring you harm while you were mauka."

"I did not go mauka; I went makai (seaward). I went fishing," Kalani at last told her.

Keahi hung her head. "Ay," Kalani went on, "all the time you were cleaning our house here, a shark kept hanging around my canoe. I did not catch anything."

Keahi's bent head bent lower. "I *have* been cleaning our house," she confessed. "I pulled the mats and other things out."

The husband cried: "Why did you do that? You know it brings bad luck to the one who is

out fishing! Now I shall have to go far and buy the fish for our luau."

Keahi hung her head and was very sorry. She promised never again to clean house in her husband's absence.

VII

MAN OR SHARK

IN Hawaii even the small children are not afraid of the sea, although there is much to fear therein.

The children dive and swim like the older ones, and come up out of the waves shaking the water from their dark hair very much as a playful puppy would. Because of this fearlessness, and because of their sharp eyes, they have to help when the family go to the beach intent on fishing. Young and old wade out among the rocks, or freely swim about in deeper water.

They get much sea-weed, which they like for food. They catch many crabs. They fish for eels. They poke among the stones and look sharply about these in search of the squid, or devil-fish, which can change its color to that of the stones among which it is hiding.

It takes a brave child to catch squid, but the

mother, or grandmother, is always along to help and direct.

When the tide is very low and the water very shallow, is the best time to get the squid. For then it may spout water into the air and thus make known its hiding place. The watcher, peering down into the water, sees first the head, then sees the devil-fish trying to change itself to the color of the stones that are around it. The child is told to poke it now with a spear, to keep on even when it pushes out all its long snaky arms, twines them around the spear, and they crawl about the hand holding the spear. And the child must not let go, although the devil-fish should shoot out the inky fluid that is its means of defence against enemies.

The Hawaiian children show courage and skill at squid-catching; they capture the creature in spite of those dreadful crawling arms and the darkened water. But this, as well as all the fishing they do, requires their closest attention. While at work in the sea, whether near shore or farther out, they can think of nothing but their work; not even of possible danger.

And this fact was known by a sly, strange old

man who had his dwelling place where he could watch the shore.

This old man lived on windward Oahu. He tried to appear just like an ordinary old man; every day planted vegetables or weeded his garden. But all the time he watched the beach.

His grass house was built back from the shore and in front of a hill. He lived here quite alone, had no visitors and never went visiting himself. Little was known of him, and that little not pleasant.

For one thing, he was such a queer looking person.

He walked awkwardly as though not used to walking. He never stood erect, his head was almost as low as his waist and thrust forward as if he were always searching for something he wanted to seize upon. His eyes were glassy and cold. His mouth was enormous. His teeth were strange teeth for a man. His color was an ashen gray. He opened and closed his mouth queerly.

When the tide was low, the old man would work in his garden, where he could see the women

and children going to the beach for their fish and seaweed.

He liked to watch them pass. He was very wicked.

When they drew near he would call out to them: "Where are you going?"

They would answer him politely, as is the custom of Hawaiians, and say, "We are going fishing."

He would call down: "All right. Go ahead, and I'll come after, for the shark's stomach is not full. The shark is hungry at this time of day."

Perhaps they did not hear all that he said to them, for they would go on to the beach. There they would get out their hooks and spears and prepare for the day's work. They would be busy and happy in the hope of taking home a good harvest from the sea, for this was one of the best fishing places along the coast.

When all was forgotten save their work, sometimes the old man would steal down to the shore a goodly distance away from them. Then he would plunge into the water and swim far out

where no one could see him. Here a great change would take place. Far out in the water he would transform himself into a Shark, that dread sea monster with rows of dagger-like teeth!

For awhile he would swim around in deep water, then as silently as possible approach the helpless people. There they were, intent on their fishing. When near the outermost one, he would turn over on his back, open his great mouth, seize and devour his victim.

The others would escape, but one ever was sacrificed. Then the Shark would swim away out into deep water, change himself back into a man, and walk up to his grass house in front of the hill.

VIII

THE TWIN CHILDREN OF THE SORCERER

A LONG time ago near the water there dwelt a sorcerer. He lived alone although he had two children; a very handsome son called Puihula, and a very beautiful daughter named Laniwahine.

The brother and sister were twins. They lived with their grandparents, not far from their father's house. They were left entirely to the care of the old people, who loved them dearly.

The grandparents fed Puihula and Laniwahine on poi and taro tops, which the Hawaiians thought the safest food for children. Fish was not given them, for fear they might swallow the bones. And their food nourished them well, they grew tall and strong.

Puihula helped his grandfather in planting taro, sweet potatoes and bananas. Laniwahine helped the grandmother in braiding the rush mats; also in making the sheets of tapa, which

the family needed for bed covering as well as for clothing.

The twins were lusty; worked hard and played hard. They were especially fond of the water. Their home was near a large pond, and daily the two went there swimming. In the course of time they began to remain in the water longer and longer; much to the sorrow of the fond grandparents, who kept fearing their father, the sorcerer, would try to lure the children away from them.

At last the grandmother said to the grandfather: "I know we shall have our children only a little while more, for their father has given them the power to change themselves in the water into fish and other creatures that swim. Soon they will leave us, will go to live in the water altogether!"

She tried harder than ever to keep them busy and to please them. "Lani," she said to the girl, "are you not happy here with me?"

"Ay, Grandmother," replied the girl, but she looked off toward the pond, as though she heard voices there calling her.

"Do I make you work too hard? Is it that you are tired?"

"Aole! Aole!" (No! No!) cried the child, leaping and stretching to show her strength.

Yet again she looked at the water.

Puhiula's grandfather spoke with the boy.

"Does bending low over the taro patch make your young back ache?"

And the boy laughed at the thought.

"Is the bunch of bananas too heavy a load?" he asked. And the boy, like the girl, answered: "Aole! Aole!"

But also like his sister his eyes wandered to the pool.

At last the day came the grandparents had long feared. The two did not return to the waiting house. The twins that day had gone down at Laniwahine's own particular place, a deep hole where the water was as blue as the water in the ocean. And from that deep hole and the blue, blue water they never again came back to live for any length of time on land.

Puhiula and Laniwahine from now on made their home in the pool. They usually played

together beneath the surface, and only occasionally came forth above the water to astonish the people who might be gathered on the shore.

Puhiula displayed strange power. He could change himself into an eel, and in that form was seen by many people. From an eel he could be transformed into an ugly old man. And in both forms he was not pleasant to look at. But once in awhile, when the water was undisturbed, his one-time neighbors saw him appear in the clear pool in the form of a handsome prince.

To make Laniwahine show herself the people would throw a yellow banana leaf upon the pool where the water was bluest, just above the deep hole. It was well known that Laniwahine was very fond of yellow, and the moment the yellow leaf would float upon the water, immediately upon the bank near by would appear a beautiful maiden with long hair floating about her.

Even to-day they say she can sometimes be called up from the deep hole. But always a yellow leaf must be used. She gives great pleasure whenever she appears, and is so beloved she is showered with presents when she comes.

But Puhiula and Laniwahine are happiest

when darting about together down there below the surface of the pond. And so ere long no watcher by the shore will be able to see rising from the pool of Ukoa either eel or ugly man, either handsome prince or beautiful maiden.

IX

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON

THERE was once a woman who was very rich. Her walled fish-ponds by the sea were well stocked. In her streams gold fish were plentiful. Dryland taro and taro that grows in water were cultivated in abundance by her servants. On her hillsides guava bushes, heavy with fruit, grew wild. She had groves of coco palms, and large trees drooping with huge balls of bread-fruit.

She dwelt in a house many feet long and many feet wide. She had therein numbers of rare things; beautiful calabashes, various kinds of mats, and her beds were covered with the finest tapa. She had a store of neatly made shell necklaces. She had one necklace of polished kukui nuts, almost as black and as shiny as jet. She had richly-colored kahilis, the plumy feather-work at the top of the tall staffs of the rarest workmanship. She had even a feather cape;

for she was a chiefess. And yet she was not happy, for her husband was very unkind to her. He had a violent temper and when angry acted as though he were insane. If she did not answer him back when he stormed, that made him furious. If she did answer, that made him yet angrier. Nothing could please him.

Sometimes he beat her with whatever was at hand. And one sad day he had, before her very eyes, thrown their little son, their only child, into a deep pool. She had at once dived after him, but the child's head had struck upon a rock and he was badly hurt. He lived on a few months, but faded day by day and at last lay lifeless in her arms. Since then she had ceased to try to please her husband. She wished to flee from him, desired above everything else to find a hiding place where he could not follow.

To be sure, her husband shared with her his riches, but she cared little for these now. One day she sat looking over her possessions, trying to find happiness in them. In the end she laid them all aside, holding longest the wonderful cape of red and golden feathers, woven so skilfully, so patiently, each tiny tuft fastened

securely to the net foundation, and all as smooth and as soft as the breast of a dove.

Sadly she thought of the mountain birds trapped to yield each its tiny tuft of red or of gold feathers. She felt sorry for all creatures that were not free.

She rose and went out of doors, out into the drizzling rain.

She looked about upon her domain, as far abroad as she could see through the lightly falling rain. The usually colorful sea to-day was dull, the mountains frowned gloomily, the skies were heavy.

But as she gazed sadly about, the sun shot a golden beam from under a gray cloud, for awhile seemed to halt before passing beneath the next gray cloud. And in that little while a rainbow came into being before the coconut grove. It seemed a good sign. The chiefess wished that into her dark life some hope might come, and longed for help that would enable her to escape from her unhappy home.

"Rain! Rain!" she called out. "Please take me with you. I must go away from here, and go now! I can stay no longer."

But the Rain answered, "I cannot take you with me."

Then she called to the Clouds: "Clouds! Clouds! Won't you take me with you?"

And the Clouds answered, "No."

The woman was very unhappy when they answered her thus. Then at evening her husband came home and spoke to her harshly, more harshly even than was his custom.

She went out of doors again, out alone into the night. The rain was gone, the night was clear and fair. She looked up to the sky and saw the beautiful Moon with the Stars around her. Now she called out: "Stars, won't you take me with you?"

But the Stars answered, "No."

So she called to the Moon. "O beautiful Moon, will you take me with you?"

And what answer did the Moon give? The Moon said, "Yes!"

The woman cried: "How can I get up to you?"

The Moon replied: "Climb on a coconut tree and you will surely get to me."

Swiftly she ran to the coconut tree which was

standing near their house. As she clung to the trunk the tree began to move and rise, and she knew that she was going up to the moon.

Her husband rushed out and saw his wife sailing away on the coconut palm. He called to her loudly and ordered her to come back at once. But she only looked down at him. She sailed away, higher and higher, faster and faster. In a very few moments she reached the Moon, and she has lived there ever since a peaceful life.

X

AN ISLAND HERO

MAUI could do wonderful things because he was descended from the gods. He could step farther, reach deeper, work faster than a mere man. Magic were the deeds of Maui, and because of these his fame was great throughout the island world; not only in Hawaii but also in the isles of the South Seas.

Maui was one of the most remarkable of the several demi-gods. He it was that found fire for man. And Maui was so powerful that he made the great Sun go more slowly on its course.

Long ago the islanders did not know how to get fire, and grateful, indeed, they were when Maui gave them the secret hoarded so long. And from whom do you think he wrenched the secret? From a bird, from the humble mud-hen!

Now the mud-hen was a stingy thing and wished to keep to herself and her bird companions the secret of fire. Especially from men

did she guard the secret. But Maui, watchful as well as quick, one day caught her while she was bending over her cooking; and, more, he forced her to tell him the truth about the way to obtain fire.

One calm morning he and his three brothers had started down to the shore for a fishing trip. As they were taking their canoe out to the reef Maui called to his brothers: "Look, there on the land is a fire burning! Whose fire can that be?"

"Let us go back and see," advised the brothers.

"No," answered Maui. "Let us first catch fish then return and have something to cook on the fire."

The brothers consented and they went on out in the canoe. They had good luck in their fishing, caught many fish and returned soon.

But the stingy mud-hen, seeing their approach, threw dirt on the fire to put it out, then flew away in order not to answer their questions. They did not get the secret this time, but they did learn that it was the mud-hen who knew the secret. And this was no small help to them; though the mud-hen was tricky and succeeded in

keeping them waiting some time before they got what they were after.

Again and again they would be disappointed in their quest. Always the fire would burn when they were off on the water, and always on their return from the sea would be put out. The mud-hen could count to the number four; and when she saw four starting out in the canoe she would light her fire. For she knew that none of the brothers was left on land to spy upon her. Feeling safe from curious eyes, she would enjoy her fire until she saw the canoe returning; then she would smother it and fly away in triumph.

To catch her Maui decided on a trick, and Maui was noted for his tricks. One morning he said to his brothers: "You three go out in the canoe, and I will hide on shore. But put into the canoe a tall calabash covered with tapa, and the mud-hen will think there are four as usual going fishing."

The brothers did this, and the mud-hen, counting four in the canoe, lighted the fire to cook some bananas for herself and her companions. "We are safe again!" she said to her companions.

But as the bananas were cooking, Maui

jumped out and seized hold of the selfish bird. And he cried: "I will kill you, O Mud-Hen, because you hide from us the secret of fire!"

"If you kill me," answered the crafty bird, "then the secret will die with me."

The other mud-hens called out, "Do not tell! Do not tell!"

The bird kept silent, refusing to answer, whereupon Maui started to twist her neck. Then she weakly spoke, "Grant me life and I will tell you where to look for fire."

"Where?" demanded Maui.

"In that leaf-stalk," she falsely said, pointing out a large, heavy leaf.

Maui tried rubbing the stalk, but no fire came.

"Tell me the truth!" he thundered, angered at her deceit.

"Try the stalk of the taro-leaf," she said, and again falsely.

Again he failed.

"Try the green wood," she said next, and again he found himself deceived. For he rubbed and rubbed the green wood and no fire came.

But at last the bird was worn out and told him the truth. She told him that fire could be got by

rubbing together two pieces of dry wood. And thus Maui obtained the precious fire. He rubbed a sharp stick of hard wood along a hollow in a piece of soft wood, and soon there was heat and sparks. He had the secret of fire!

Then to punish the mud-hen he rubbed her head until it, itself, was fire-red, and to this day mud-hens bear that mark upon their heads. And when the Islanders see it, they say: "Ay, the stingy mud-hen was slow in telling Maui how to get fire!"

Maui was devoted to his mother. He liked to serve her and make life easy for her. She was a famous maker of tapa, the native cloth, and desired to have her bark-cloth of the best. But the Sun travelled so fast she had trouble in drying the sheets of tapa; and Maui often heard her complaining of the Sun's lack of thought of her and her beautiful cloth. That this should be so angered Maui.

As he saw the Sun hurrying on its westward way, he called aloud: "You hasten now, but ere long you shall change your speed. I, Maui, will not have my mother delayed at her work."

The Sun made no answer in words, but his

broad face seemed to grow broader, almost as though he were laughing at the boasting of the bold one.

“Laugh to-day, old Sun!” called Maui, as the big red ball stood balancing there on the edge of the world just before sinking out of sight. “I and my mother shall laugh later.”

He studied the Sun and its ways. He climbed up to the top of the mountain, ten thousand feet and more, and looked down into the great crater which was the house of the Sun. And here a plan came to him. He would snare the Sun, catch it early in the day, then break off its legs one by one. And what would the Sun be minus its legs?

He hastened to a coconut grove down by the sea and there collected a quantity of nuts. From the husks of the coconuts he made a splendid long strong rope. With this he was to lasso the Sun. Then his mother sent him to his grandmother, a wise old woman, who would be able to advise and help him. “Grandmother! Grandmother!” he cried. “Will you help me to cut off the legs of the Sun?”

The Grandmother loved Maui and desired to help him. "Here, take this magic club when you attack the Sun," she said, and brought out a club, which she always kept carefully concealed.

Now Maui set off on his mission. But his upspoken plan seemed carried by the winds. For some Sun Rays hidden in a cave called out teasingly to him, "What, do you think you are strong enough to conquer the Sun? Who are you? You are only a farmer."

Maui answered back, "I shall conquer, even I, and when I do you will be sorry."

Maui climbed the mountain. Dawn came and the first legs of the Sun stepped over the rim of the crater. Maui waited all ready with his long strong lasso and by his side the magic club. When the Sun poised just above his head, then the demi-god threw his magic coil.

He caught the legs of the Sun one by one, and when he had them fast he bound the ropes securely about great trees. Again and again he threw the rope, again and again secured the legs of the Sun. Then with his club he gave the Sun a severe beating.

After which he said to the weakened Sun, "I am killing you little by little, and this I do because you travel too fast."

The Sun, afraid for its very life, now begged mercy of Maui. "I, the great Sun, will do what you ask," he promised.

"I grant you mercy," cried Maui, "only if you will make the days longer for my mother!"

The beaten Sun gave his promise, and ever after walked more slowly through the sky.

PART III

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN

I

THE SHIPWRECKED SPANIARDS

THE first white men to visit the Hawaiian Islands were the Spaniards, those brave adventurers who hundreds of years ago searched seas and shores unknown and far distant.

Spain and Portugal were the earliest leaders in the period of discovery, that age when there grew a wide-felt longing to spread wings and fly to the uttermost parts of the world. The call of the sea was loud in the ears of Portuguese and of Spaniards, their ships sailed off on uncharted seas, their sailors stepped foot on shores before unvisited by white men. A Spaniard, you remember, Balboa, discovered the Pacific Ocean. The Pope gave the great ocean and the numberless islands therein to Spain, who sent her sailors to and fro, up and down, in search of lands and riches. And to guard her treasures the Spanish galleons plied back and forth with those several-decked ships that carried guns as well as treasure.

The discoveries of Spain in the Americas are well known. From Mexico the Spaniards sent their men to search along the west coast of America for gold. And Spanish ships were sent from the New World out upon the Pacific to explore and seize islands they might come upon. Across the wide Pacific the Spanish vessels travelled, here and there discovering islands and taking possession of them in the name of Spain. In time trade was carried on between Mexico and the islands in the west Pacific, but the vessels passing to and fro took a course south of Hawaii one way, and returning a course north of Hawaii. The group thus escaped capture by Spain.

Nevertheless, current and winds sometimes drove a vessel off its track, and tradition speaks of strange vessels sighted now and then by the Islanders in their isolated home. The old Hawaiian tales tell of ships that passed at a distance. The natives called these distant ships "islands," and to this day vessels bear this name in Hawaii.

If some of the voyagers stopped at Hawaii for water, or whatever purpose, they made no report of the islands, laid no claim to them. They

found no gold here to tempt them, no minerals of any sort; and immediate wealth was what the Spaniards were after. Storms, however, are thought to have driven more than one Spanish vessel to these shores, and shipwreck to have caused some few Spaniards to remain and become a part of the island life.

The old tales speak of a white man, a priest, who was cast upon the shore at the north point of Hawaii. They say this man brought with him two images, that because of these the islanders at once recognized him as a priest and treated him with great respect. In return he was very kind and good to them; he lived the rest of his life among them, and his ways were ways of pleasantness and peace. He became a strong power in the region where his days were spent, even the king listened to his advice.

Later a whole party of white men landed on the same island of Hawaii, and these outsiders sought refuge in the mountains, where they dwelt for some time. They, too, were well treated by the natives, but they did not remain. The old tales refer to this band as "The Strangers."

Later, the story goes, there came ashore, again

on the southernmost island, another company of white men. These wore garments of white and yellow cloth, one man wore a plumed hat and at his side dangled a long knife (a sword). They also were welcomed and this company remained; they lived among the Hawaiians, and became chiefs and warriors, and were greatly respected in the land.

At some still later period a vessel was wrecked in the surf, and there were cast ashore on the west coast of Hawaii a white man and woman, the captain and his sister. They were the only persons of their band saved. On reaching shore the two threw themselves down with faces to the ground, and remained thus a long time. Wherefore the natives gave the place a name which means "to bow down," and that name it is called even to this day—Kulou.

Again white strangers were kindly received. They ate the bananas, bread-fruit and mountain apples set before them; gratefully accepted the shelter bestowed upon them. Their vessel being broken to pieces, they had no means of leaving. They remained here the rest of their lives, became friends with the islanders, settled down to

an island existence. In time each married an Hawaiian. Their descendants, some of whom held high place in the land, proudly traced back their family history to the white captain who with his sister was cast upon the shores of Hawaii.

Near Honolulu, in a mountain valley, there was found an old stone image that is thought to be a portrait bust of a Spaniard of the time of the early Spanish discoverers. The ruff about the neck and the queue were worn by Spaniards of that day. The story goes that this image was here before the coming of Captain Cook. Who formed it? An Hawaiian who desired to picture the strange white man and his strange dress? Or one of the Spaniards themselves, who in an idle moment thought to make something to please the hospitable natives? The work looks like the crude stone-carving of the old-time Hawaiians, but no one really knows whose hand it was that shaped the image. The original figure is now in Germany, in the Berlin Museum, but a cast of it is to be seen in the Museum at Honolulu.

Up to 1700, the only lands bordering on the Pacific that were held by white men, were the

western coast of America, the Ladrone Islands, and some of the Philippine Islands. Back and forth among these possessions voyaged the Spanish galleons. It is probable that during this period the Spaniards knew of the existence of Hawaii and that they touched here from time to time.

The Spaniards kept their discoveries secret as long as they could, jealously guarding the new lands for themselves. It has been disclosed that as long ago as 1555 the Hawaiian Islands were discovered by a navigator in the service of Spain, one Juan Gaetano. This event took place over two hundred years before the coming of Captain Cook, the English navigator, who considered himself the discoverer of the group.

The earlier date was made known through the medium of an old chart which was brought to light when an English naval commander captured a Spanish galleon sailing between Mexico and the Philippines. Among the rich treasure falling into the hands of the Englishman is to be counted this old chart, which located a string of islands about the position where lies the Hawaiian group.

The chart gave the name of the islands as "The Table Islands." Some of the mountains of Hawaii as seen from the ocean, their tops stretching in a long level line against the sky, appear tableland rather than peak. This might easily have led to the name "Table Islands," given by that early wanderer in the Pacific.

Juan Gaetano, in the service of Spain, was born in Italy. Many of the pilots of that day were Italians, and Gaetano was a famous pilot, whose services were desired by the rival countries, Portugal and Spain. He wrote an account of his earlier voyages. When sailing from the west coast of Mexico he steered due west and came upon islands which grew coconuts and other fruits, but whereon was neither silver nor gold. Whether on the earlier or later voyages he made the discovery of Hawaii is a question that has been argued by historians. But they agree that Hawaii was discovered by Gaetano.

Old papers and charts of various sorts have been diligently studied by the Spanish to bring proof to bear that Spain, rather than England, can lay claim to the discovery of the Hawaiian Islands. But whoever the first white discoverer,

the name given by the outsiders did not vanquish the name chosen by the natives. The Spanish "Islas de Mesa" is not the term used to-day. While the name "Sandwich Islands," imposed by Cook, is now very seldom heard. The rightful "Hawaii" has been restored to the Hawaiian Islands, the name given by the islanders themselves. But all were brave voyagers, all hardy spirits: Islander with his double-canoe, pilot of Spanish vessel, English captain. And the story of Hawaii would not be complete if it paid no tribute to the name of Gaetano and to the enterprise of Spain in her period of exploration.

II

CAPTAIN COOK AND HIS SAD FATE

IT is thought that Captain Cook must have known of the existence of the Hawaiian group through their discovery by the Spaniards. But Cook's re-discovery made the islands known to the world at large. Of the importance of the English visit to these islands, Cook's Journal says: "A discovery which, though the last, seemed to be the most important that had hitherto been made by Europeans throughout the extent of the Pacific Ocean."

After twice circling the globe, Cook started on a third exploring trip, with the two ships, "The Resolution" and "The Discovery." He was to touch at the Cape of Good Hope, to re-visit the Pacific islands lately discovered by him, then voyage north in search of a northern passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic. On leaving the Society Islands for the northwest coast of America, he asked the natives if they knew of any

land or islands to the north or northwest of them. They answered that they knew of none. Steering to the north, he discovered, during the month of January 1778, isles belonging to the Hawaiian group. Cook named his discovery the "Sandwich Islands," in honor of his friend and patron the Earl of Sandwich. And the name still clings, though less and less often is the group spoken of as the "Sandwich Islands."

On the first approach of his ships to one of the isles, a party of native fishermen came close enough to exchange their fish and vegetables for nails and bits of iron, but the natives were afraid to board the vessel. Whilst on land the sight of the ships caused the greatest excitement, the people thronged shore, slope and hill-top to gaze at the mysterious visitants. The strangers' attempt at a landing failed because of the crowding and curiosity of the natives.

When a landing was made on the coast of the island of Hawaii and Captain Cook stepped ashore, the Islanders fell down before him faces to the ground, for they thought him a god. They brought him offerings, showed him honor in all ways known to them. He presented them

with gifts, and gave them nails in exchange for pigs, fowls and vegetables. Captain Cook and some of the ships' officers were allowed to walk a little way inland to visit a temple, and wherever they went were treated with the greatest respect. Presently the ships sailed to another island, where also they were hospitably received, and here they left three goats and two pigs of English breed, as well as seeds of melon, pumpkin and onions. The feeling between the white men and the natives was very friendly. Cook and his company rejoiced in the discovery of these fruitful and well populated isles. While the Islanders rejoiced in the visitors as gods that had come among them.

There is record of what the natives told of these strange white beings who had so mysteriously appeared. Messengers who went about with the tidings of their arrival reported: "The men are white; their skin is loose and folding; their heads are angular; fire and smoke issue from their mouths; they have openings on the sides of their bodies into which they thrust their hands and draw out iron, beads, nails and other treasures; and their speech is unintelligible."

Of Cook's ship it had been asked, "What is that great thing with branches?" While some said, "It is a forest that has slid down into the sea," others declared it to be the temple of the high god Lono. And the sky-rocket, set off from the ship by Captain Cook, seemed to them magical, added to the feeling that Cook was divine, with power over lightning and thunder; that he must be their god Lono, whose coming was expected. When he left they awaited his return eagerly.

Two weeks after first sighting the islands there in the sub-tropics, Cook set forth on his voyage to the north. He voyaged far, making discoveries, sounding waters and charting coasts. When his work in the frozen north was blocked by walls of ice, he decided to winter his ships in the sunny isles he had visited the preceding winter. Late in November the ships again lay at anchor in Hawaiian waters. Ruler and people welcomed him warmly, and soon after his return he entertained on board the old king of Hawaii and his nephew, Prince Kamehameha. Cook crossed channels, beat along coasts, trading now and then with the natives, and finally anchored in Kealakekua Bay, off the southernmost and

largest island. On the shore of this bay, less than a month later he met his death.

At first on his return Cook was treated with the highest honors, for generally he was supposed to be the god Lono, whose return had been prophesied. He was taken to a special temple, where prayers were addressed him and offerings made him. Wherever he went on land a priest attended close and the people bowed down before him. While regularly canoe loads of provisions were taken out to his ships for the use of his company. On one occasion the old king and a retinue of followers, attired in splendid feather cloaks and helmets, made a visit of state to the ships; and on this occasion they presented to their visitors magnificent gifts of feather cloaks and helmets, as well as the usual offering of pigs, bread-fruit, coconuts and sugar-cane. The strangers were treated with the greatest honor as well as generosity.

In their "Journal of a Voyage to the Pacific Ocean," both Captain Cook and Captain King have given an account of their discovery of the "Sandwich Islands" and their sojourn there. They tell of the hospitable reception by the

natives and of the rich gifts bestowed upon them by the Islanders, of gifts of a surprising value. One alone of the feather cloaks was a priceless treasure, and several were brought as a tribute to Cook, mistaken for the god Lono.

Perhaps Cook did not understand the reverence given him, did not know that priest, chief and people were showing such remarkable hospitality for the reason that they looked upon him as a high god. Not only the best the king had to offer had been brought the newcomers, but the common people were sorely taxed to bring day after day the quantity of food demanded by Cook's men. And this constant tax in time, naturally, awoke discontent. In truth, Cook's party outwore its welcome.

In addition, the white seamen when on shore proved wild and lawless to an extent that offended the Hawaiians. Cook declares in his *Journal* that he gave his men strict orders as to their behavior, but if so these orders were often broken. And the natives who suffered severely therefrom began to weary of the visitors whose continued stay was becoming a burden too heavy

to be borne. It was with joy they saw the ships at last sail away.

But as ill luck would have it, the vessels had not proceeded far when they struck a violent gale and "The Resolution" was disabled. There was nothing to do but turn back for repairs.

A certain sullenness on the part of the natives was noticeable to the white men when they anchored again in Kealakekua Bay. Silence greeted them, they were told that the king was absent and that the bay was tabu. Later a few canoes did come out to the ship with provisions; but the natives bringing these demanded in return more of the iron daggers, which Cook had had manufactured for barter with the Islanders. The next day the priests safe-guarded a place on shore where Cook's men could work at repairing their damaged mats and sails, and this work proceeded peaceably. But the following day some retainers of a friendly chief stole from one of the ships a pair of tongs and a chisel, then leaped into a canoe and fled away. Shots were sent after them, which they escaped. The chief, who was on board, promised to restore the stolen

articles, and set off in a boat with an officer in command. On reaching shore, it was found that the thieves had disappeared but had left the canoe on the beach. The white officer then seized the canoe, but the chief objected, this being his property. A general fight followed, and the white seamen were stoned by the natives, who rose to protect their chief and who succeeded in routing the unarmed seamen.

This fight, as it turned out, was needless, for the chief had intended to keep his promise, was willing and able to do so. He shortly secured the stolen articles and returned them to the owners. His retainers, however, could not forget the insult shown their leader, and looked for a chance to avenge that insult. Under cover of the darkness of night they stole the large cutter from "The Discovery," then took it two miles north and broke it to pieces. And this act of thievery it was that led Captain Cook to go ashore and demand that the king restore the stolen property.

Should this fail, he planned to kidnap the king and keep him aboard "The Resolution" until the lost boat was restored. Captain Cook landed

with a lieutenant and nine marines, then went to the king's house, where he gave the invitation to come aboard and spend the day. Meantime three well-armed boats were so placed as to cut off entrance to the bay. Most unfortunately for all concerned, at this moment the canoe of two high chiefs, who knew nothing of the blockade, innocently tried to enter the bay. They were fired upon and one of them was killed.

On shore now great was the excitement and anger. There stood the old king hesitating whether or not to go on board the white man's ship, and his chiefs warning him against the visit. About him was a large mob of offended natives, many of them armed with spears and daggers. Angry words were exchanged between whites and natives; then muskets, daggers and spears got in their work. Several on both sides were slain. A chief with the thrust of one of Cook's own iron daggers killed Captain Cook.

His body was carried away to a small temple situated at the top of a precipice. For in death the Islanders paid him honor, though latterly some had doubted if he were a god.

Captain Cook had accepted the worship of the

priests, also the offerings presented to him as their god Lono. But after one of Cook's sailors died and was buried on shore, the natives had begun to suspect that the white beings were men very like themselves rather than gods. Then, too, the visitors' contempt of the sacred tabus had greatly angered the Islanders. While some believed in Cook as divine, many doubted.

The strangers, ignorantly or intentionally, had paid small heed to the things held sacred by the natives; when they wanted wood, they broke down the palings around the temples, carried away both wooden idols and palings. Naturally the early friendly feeling felt by the natives turned into hatred. One sharp old native thought if Captain Cook were a god a dagger-thrust could not hurt him. He tried it, and brave Captain Cook was killed.

Thus died the great English navigator, one of the ablest men ever sent forth by England to the uttermost waters of the world. To-day in a grove of cocoa palms by the shore of Kealakekua Bay, there stands a monument which fellow-countrymen of the bold Captain have erected in his honor. Hawaii's punishment



MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN COOK, IN HAWAII

for the killing of Captain Cook, has been to be considered cannibals, which they never were; and to be considered inhospitable to strangers, which also was never the case.

III

VANCOUVER

WHEN Captain Cook met his death, one of his junior officers, Vancouver by name, continued voyaging in the Pacific, and made later visits to "The Islands." He found a welcome here, and proved a wise and trustworthy friend to the Hawaiians.

Some of the natives, however, were greatly disappointed at Vancouver's firm refusal to sell them firearms or ammunition; but he steadfastly held to this refusal. He told them that this was a "tabu" made by the English king, and that he, under the king's orders, dared not break the tabu. He gave them gifts of tools but would not give or sell them weapons.

In the period of time between his first visit to Hawaii and the following visits warfare raged on the Islands. On each return Vancouver was greatly shocked to note the evil results from the continual warring. Large numbers of people

had been killed, while those left were suffering greatly from poverty. The land had been allowed to lie idle, and on one island there was noticeable a scarcity of food with no prospect of a return to peace and the labors of peace.

It was three years after the death of Captain Cook when Captain Vancouver found himself again in Kealakekua Bay. He learned that the old king was dead. He then cruised on to other islands of the group. Everywhere the people talked of the gathering of various rulers in a union against an expected attack by Kamehameha.

Vancouver cruised about among the islands, studied the needs of the natives, made acquaintance with high chiefs and lesser chiefs; did what he could to arrange terms of peace and bring about a better condition generally in the land. In place of the muskets asked for, he distributed agricultural tools here and there. But he shortly departed, continuing his journey northward.

Some of the natives were disappointed in Vancouver, because he had refused to barter with them, as well as refused to sell them firearms.

By this time a number of traders were finding their way to Hawaii, and the natives had become keen to obtain not only firearms but also other wares carried by the wandering traders. But Vancouver had made it understood that he was on a voyage of discovery, and was not touching at the Islands to exchange goods with the natives or to sell them arms. This attitude on his part seemed to the islanders very mysterious, for they had begun to look upon the white man as coming for the chief purpose of selling guns and ammunition; and getting in return all that he could of what the island folk had to offer. Vancouver proved very different from the visitors previously known.

A few weeks after Vancouver's departure his storeship, "The Daedalus," arrived off the island of Oahu. The ship anchored near the mouth of a small river, and a party was sent ashore to procure fresh water. The water near the sea proving brackish, it was decided to roll the casks a little distance up stream. While the casks were being filled, Lieutenant Hergest, the commander of the ship, and Mr. Gooch, the astronomer, were lured away from the other members of their

party by a native priest and his band. When some distance away the two white men were set upon, stoned and foully murdered.

Meanwhile, as the seamen were rolling their casks down to the shore a dispute arose between them and the natives. One of the sailors was killed in the fighting that followed. The others escaped to the boats, where they opened fire on the islanders. Then "The Daedalus" sailed northward, where its crew joined Vancouver's expedition and reported the tragedy of the murder of the unoffending men by the natives.

The murder may have been planned in the hope that the islanders who took part therein would get possession of the guns and ammunition they coveted. The priest who lured the Lieutenant away from his party was one of the retainer's of the king of Oahu, who was then badly in need of firearms. At any rate, the priest stripped the slain men of their guns, pistols, side-arms and ammunition and carried the prize to the king's viceroy.

The following spring Vancouver returned to the Hawaiian group and anchored off the island of Hawaii. He was most hospitably received

by Kamehameha, who presented him with the richest gifts at his disposal. Vancouver presented Kamehameha with some cattle and sheep he had brought from California, and persuaded him to protect these animals by a tabu for ten years. He tried, not so successfully, to persuade Kamehameha that the time had come for peace to reign in the islands. Kamehameha listened to him with respect, but held to his purpose to become master of all the islands.

At Hawaii, Vancouver was told that the murder of the men on his store-ship had been planned by the king of Oahu and his aides. But when Vancouver voyaged on and spoke with the king, he was assured that this was not so; that the murder had been committed by a lawless band living on that side of Oahu where the men met their death. And the king went on to say that he had found and executed three of the murderers, though three others had escaped to the mountains. Vancouver insisted that these men be captured and made to pay the punishment for their crime. Three men were found, tried, and executed; but the priest, the ring-leader, he and his followers, went unharmed.

As it turned out, the crafty king had protected his own men; but desiring to win favor with Vancouver had pretended to carry out justice.

Vancouver next visited the island of Kauai, in the fulfilment of a duty. Away up on the northwest coast of America he had come across two Hawaiian girls, who the preceding year had been carried away from home by an English trader. Vancouver gave these girls passage back to Hawaii, and conveyed them on to the island of Kauai, whence, across a narrow channel, they could easily reach their home on the little island of Niihau.

On the way to Kauai, in mid-channel, Vancouver saw the largest canoe he had ever beheld. It was over sixty feet long, and it was hollowed out of a pine log that had drifted from America away down to these islands in the sub-tropics.

The following year Vancouver again visited America, and voyaged thence to the island of Hawaii. During this sojourn the friendship between the English explorer and Kamehameha grew stronger and stronger. Vancouver gave the king more gifts of cattle and told him that they should be protected and allowed to increase.

He advised him, for his own protection, to form a body-guard armed with muskets, some of whom should be on duty night and day. Kamehameha followed this advice and Vancouver's own officers drilled the soldiers. The English Commander counselled the Hawaiian king to study well the white men who were drifting to his shores; assured him that of those then resident the really trustworthy ones were John Young and Isaac Davis, two sailors who for some time past had been of influence in the island life. These two had been offered by Vancouver passage back to the land of the white man, but had refused; saying they were needed in the islands, and would not desert the people who had treated them so kindly.

Vancouver on his visit to Hawaii persuaded Kamehameha and his once-favorite queen to make peace one with another. They had had a serious quarrel, and although efforts had been made by the chiefs to bring the king and queen together, Kamehameha had stubbornly refused to be reconciled. But when Vancouver spoke separately with them, he found that both would

be glad to be at peace; and he arranged for the two to meet on board his ship. The plan proved very successful. The queen was restored to favor, and again shared in the responsibilities carried by the king.

That the gods of the islanders were but false, Vancouver told the king; and spoke of some day sending to the islands teachers who would tell them of the true God. Kamehameha and his advisers listened to these words and pondered them.

The English navigator allowed his ships' carpenters to help build for Kamehameha a small schooner, the first vessel of the kind built on the islands. It was named "The Britannia," in honor of Vancouver and of the land to which he belonged.

Vancouver gave good counsel to Kamehameha in regard to dealings with foreign nations. Now more and more vessels were coming to Hawaii, before long there might arrive some invader greedy for conquest of the islands. Already the Hawaiians had made acquaintance with the armed merchant ships of Spain, Portugal and

the United States, also with exploring expeditions sent out by France and by England.

In order to secure protection from probable troubling outsiders, Kamehameha desired that Hawaii be put under the protection of England. The king and various high chiefs held long conferences with Vancouver. They asked for protection, but they also asked to be allowed to continue with their own government and their own laws. Vancouver tried to impress on their minds that it was not in his power to give this protection, that he would first have to lay the matter before the English king. He did, however, on repeated requests send an officer ashore to hoist the English colors and formally take possession of the land.

As a matter of fact, the English Government never accepted the offer to act as protector to Hawaii. At the moment, wars in Europe were claiming England's attention and she did not take time to accept the offer of that distant responsibility.

Vancouver was not again to return to the Islands, for he died while still a young man. His name, however, was not writ in water in

Hawaii; he had made there an impression that did not soon fade. The character and conduct of this famous English voyager left in the lands he visited a fragrant memory.

IV

SAILORS AND TRADERS

THE first vessels to visit the islands after the death of Captain Cook, came seven years later. Then two English vessels arrived in Kealakekua Bay. They found the natives troublesome there, cruised along other coasts of Hawaii, studied conditions and after some months of absence returned for the purpose of trade. The same year a French exploring expedition, under La Perouse, visited Hawaii. And gradually the outside world forwarded that intercourse with the islands which has given them, in these days, the name of being situate at the "Cross-roads of the Pacific."

As early as 1791 there had settled in Hawaii a Spaniard by the name of Don Francisco de Paula Marin. He dwelt in the islands over forty years, and introduced into the little land many useful plants. His industry and enterprise were remarkable, his garden and vineyard

near Honolulu were justly famed. He grew oranges, figs, grapes, roses, pineapples and vegetables, made wine, made butter, and salted beef for ships. He also served as interpreter for Kamehameha.

Captain Cook's report of his voyages in the Pacific led to a steadily increasing number of ships plying between the northwest coast of America and China. Vessels carrying furs to China stopped at Hawaii for water and other supplies. In time trading with the islanders themselves became of importance, for presently a brisk trade grew up in the export to China of sandalwood from the rich forests of Hawaii.

The Chinese called the land of Hawaii "Tau-Shau," or "Sandalwood Mountain." The Chinese made of the fragrant wood—the Hawaiian name for sandalwood is *ilahi*, fragrant wood—various fancy articles, as well as burned it as incense. During Kamehameha's time there was carried on a brisk trade in sandalwood; in his reign multitudes of natives went up into the mountains to cut down the trees and bring the wood to the shore, where it was lightered by canoes out to the vessels.

Kamehameha for awhile encouraged the sale of sandalwood, engaged actively in the trade himself—of one captain he purchased a ship, for which he gave in return twice the ship's load of sandalwood. But the king finally took note of the rate at which the destruction of sandalwood trees was going on, and realized that the greed for gain would lead to a time when there would be no trees left standing. He now kept his eye on those who brought down the wood from the forests, found that not a few were cutting even the small timber. He asked them why they did this, said if the custom was continued there would be left no trees for his children's use. He thereupon gave orders that the young trees be left standing, and at one place started the replanting of trees.

But the chiefs, who found the sandalwood industry a way to get rich quick, after Kamehameha's death paid little heed to the words of advice given by the old king. The chiefs grew richer, the forests poorer. Men to the number of thousands filed down the mountains with heavy loads of wood strapped on their backs. Numbers of ships carried these loads to Chinese

ports; as some writer has said, in China Hawaiian sandalwood forests went up in smoke.

A favorite anchorage for vessels during the beginning of the sandalwood trade was Kealahou Bay, where Kamehameha gave the traders both protection and encouragement. From the foreigners Kamehameha obtained cannon as well as muskets and ammunition; while his people bartered for the novel foreign goods that were laid before their eager eyes.

American vessels engaged in the Northwest trade, began stopping at the "Sandwich Islands" a very few years after their discovery by Captain Cook. And in 1811 these islands were visited by John Jacob Astor, scouting for supplies and men for the fur trade. When shortly traders gathered here in numbers, the United States sent down an agent to look after commerce and seamen; and ere long naval vessels were sent to the islands from time to time.

On one voyage to China a captain took with him from Hawaii a native chief who had been forced to flee his home island. This chief presently returned, very proud of his travels and with a rich store of possessions, an assortment of

tools in addition to an array of firearms and ammunition. He became a well-known figure in the land, a travelled man whose counsels and aid received close attention.

In time, ships departing for various ports took away with them native seamen when additional men were needed for the crew. "Sandwich Islanders," "Kanaka Sailors," became a feature on vessels in widely scattered waters. In the Southern Pacific they had long been known. Now they sailed to the Orient; now they voyaged around the Horn and away up north to various ports on the New England Coast. Among these scattered voyagers some remained in the ports whereat their ships touched; as there remained on the islands white sailors, either deserting from, or deserted by, their ships.

It became quite a matter of course for a chief to have among his followers one or more of these sailors. They could act as interpreters and aids in dealing with the traders; also could instruct the Hawaiians in the use of firearms and the conduct of war as carried on by white men. The chiefs not only encouraged the sailors to desert

their ships, but sometimes kidnapped those who were unwilling to remain.

On the whole friendly relations attended the visits of the trading vessels, though there were some acts of violence marking these days. One unhappy instance was connected with an American trading vessel under command of a Captain Metcalf. He visited the islands in 1789; cruised along the coasts of Hawaii, and carried on considerable trade with the natives in spite of his reputation as a harsh, hot-tempered person. His vessel was to be joined by a tender, a small schooner named the "Fair American," under command of his son, who was only eighteen years old. One time for the purpose of barter, Captain Metcalf left Kealakekua Bay and crossed over to the island of Maui. While Metcalf was at anchorage here, his ship's boat was stolen by a party of natives, and a seaman sleeping therein was killed by the natives.

The next day Metcalf took two men as prisoners and from them probably got the story of the guilty party, whose home was a little distance down the coast. The ship then moved along to

the point where dwelt the offenders. The bay here was tabu at the time, no canoe was allowed to go out. Captain Metcalf waited. When the tabu was lifted, canoes in numbers innocently, fearlessly, set forth to trade with the ship. Captain Metcalf ordered the canoes to keep a certain distance off, then as they waited there for further word from him he gave the command to his men to open the ports and fire upon the natives. Guns and muskets spoke in answer to his command. A hundred natives were slain, and several hundred wounded.

Captain Metcalf now went to Kealakekua Bay where he expected to be joined by his son in command of the little schooner. But the "Fair American" was not there. It had come to grief. A high chief, angered at a flogging once suffered by him at the hands of Captain Metcalf, had taken a bitter revenge on the son. The chief had gone out to the little schooner with a band of followers; and, on the pretense of bringing presents for young Metcalf, had been invited on board. Once aboard, the chief had thrown the youthful captain into the sea, then he and his helpers had killed all the crew save one man,

who though wounded had escaped by leaping into the water.

This man, named Isaac Davis, succeeded in reaching shore. A native taking pity on him, bound up his wounds and cared for him. Later he was turned over to Kamehameha. On becoming a captive of the king, what was Davis' surprise to find that another white man who had just fallen into Kamehameha's hands, was his recent shipmate, John Young, boatswain in the service of Captain Metcalf.

It turned out that a party of seamen from Metcalf's ship had come ashore and that Young had separated from the others to wander a little way inland. On his attempt to return to the beach he was stopped by order of Kamehameha, who was in need of the services of white men.

Captain Metcalf fired off signal guns and awaited the return of his boatswain. But Kamehameha allowed no canoe to leave shore. For he had received tidings of the two dreadful happenings: the slaughter of the many natives by Metcalf; the capture of the "Fair American" and the murder of her crew by the native chief. To protect his people from Metcalf's wrath he kept

them close at home. Metcalf waited around two days, then departed for China, leaving behind Isaac Davis and John Young.

Kamehameha treated the two white men with respect and kindness, made them chiefs and declared them free from the payment of taxes. In time they became content to remain on the islands. At first he put them under guard on the arrival of foreign ships, fearing they would escape and return to their native land; but later he trusted them fully, relied on their loyalty to him and his people. They proved wise and generally trustworthy, were of the greatest aid to Kamehameha in his struggle for conquest, and in his later work as ruler of the island group. And the two white men did their best to obtain fair treatment for any foreigners cast upon the island beaches.

As has been shown, all was not easy sailing for explorer and pioneer trader in Hawaiian waters. There was the tragic death of Captain Cook, the great English navigator. Eleven years later came the murder of young Metcalf, an American. Following came the massacre of the officers of the "Daedalus," the English store-ship. And in

Honolulu harbor on New Year's Day, 1795, Captain Brown of the schooner "Jackal," who with his English seamen had taken part in the warfare then waging on the island of Oahu, was treacherously slain—he and his crew—by the very king whom he had supported! While the following year a party from a British sloop, going ashore on the little island of Niihau for the purchase of supplies, were attacked by the natives, and two marines were slain for the sake of their arms.

The Captain Brown that was slain was the same Captain Brown who in 1794 discovered an opening in the reef that allowed entrance into the inner harbor at Honolulu. The news of the good anchorage here quickly spread among mariners in the Pacific. And very soon Honolulu was becoming a popular port.

Many trading schooners put in at Honolulu. The earlier vessels brought to the islands coarse cloth, iron nails and hoops, as well as rum, fire-arms and ammunition. They obtained food, water and fuel, and went away laden with sandalwood from those extensive sandalwood forests of Hawaii. Presently storehouses were built on the

different islands for the storage of European, American, and Chinese goods; and the trader came to dwell in Hawaii.

In 1803 Captain Cleveland, voyaging from California to China, touched at Hawaii and brought there the first horses seen on the islands. He gave the chiefs presents of four horses, which rare animals greatly delighted the natives. Kamehameha, though an old man at the time, became an expert horseman.

With the islands under the rule of one strong man, Kamehameha the Great, and the wars at an end, peace and prosperity ruled in the land. Both trade and agriculture were encouraged by Kamehameha, and traders from widely separated lands were welcomed to the ports of Hawaii.

Even the Russians attempted to get in a foothold here. In 1814 a ship belonging to the Governor of the Russian Colony at Sitka, was wrecked off the island of Kauai. Most of its cargo was salvaged, and was left in charge of the king of Kauai. The Russian Governor later sent out a German agent to look after his property in Hawaii. This agent becoming acquainted with the wealth of the land, plotted to

take possession of the island of Kauai. The details of his plotting and the result will be told in a later chapter. It is enough to say that added troubles accompanied the coming of the traders.

To Hawaii, invaded by visitors of many callings, once came a most undesirable crew. Late in the reign of Kamehameha a company of pirates arrived. These came in a sloop-of-war though laden with pirate booty of silver and gold. One of the crew when tipsy disclosed their story; told that while off Cape Horn the sailors had mutinied and taken possession of the vessel, putting the officers thereof ashore at a convenient port. After cruising and robbing along the Chilean coast, they had set sail for Hawaii, where they desired to sell both vessel and cargo. They had found a purchaser in Kamehameha; but when he learned that he was in possession of stolen property he resolved to guard that property against the day an owner should arrive to claim it. In a few months' time a Spanish frigate from Buenos Aires arrived to make the claim expected, and Kamehameha surrendered the pirate treasure.

Other undesirable white visitors came, and some of these, unfortunately, remained. There found their way to Hawaii men from Australia who taught the natives the secret of distilling liquor; and before Kamehameha's death the native stills were working much harm in the land. The coming of the white men brought into the islands evil as well as good. The Islanders found out very early that the strangers settling amongst them were mere men, not gods.

But the white men had come to stay, and the question was how the two races could get along together. The visits of Vancouver (which have been spoken of in a chapter by itself) did much to bring about friendly relations between white men and native. While with increasing trade relations, both races came to understand that commerce could be carried on only under peaceful conditions, with fair dealing on both sides. And as the years passed strangers felt more and more secure in Hawaii.

V.

THE COMING OF THE MISSIONARIES

IT was Hewahewa, high priest of the ancient religion, who led in the destruction of the idols and temples. But the people who obeyed his orders for this destruction trembled at what they did; they still feared the hideous images, nor could they all at once lose their faith in regard to the sacred character of the temples. In regard to disobeying the tabus, they were at first fearful, then joyful. For with the many tabus lifted life had become much easier.

A tyrant chief or priest by his tabus had made life very hard for the common people under him. If he said a bathing-place was tabu, none could bathe in that stream or pool. If he made certain foods tabu, none must eat thereof on pain of death. If he put a tabu on a bay, all canoes must stay on shore. And if any person forgot a tabu, or grew tired of one that was not lifted for a long period, if caught in such disobedience his punish-

ment would be very severe. When at last the tabus were abolished, it meant much more freedom for the people.

Vancouver had tried to convince Kamehameha of the foolishness and injustice of the tabus. It was immediately after Kamehameha's day that they were abolished. Tabus and idols fell at the same time.

Hewahewa, though high priest, did not believe that power existed in the idols. He said, "They made not the taro to grow, nor sent us rain; neither did they bestow life or health. My thought has always been, there is only one Great God dwelling in the heavens."

From Tahiti had come tales of a new god the islanders there were worshipping. Both Kamehameha the Great and the king of Kauai were curious to learn more of the Supreme Being. Vancouver had spoken to Kamehameha of the religion of Jehovah, and had promised the king that teachers should be sent out to the islands from England. Other English voyagers reported favorably to their government of the teachableness of the natives in far-away Hawaii,

and endeavored to have England send a mission there. But Vancouver's early death, and wars in Europe, interfered with that mission. The American missionaries were the first to undertake the work of Christianizing Hawaii.

A native boy by the name of Opukahaia had shipped on a whaling vessel and been carried to America, to the shores of New England, and here he remained; though far from his native land, far, far from his gods and people. One day he was found weeping on the steps of Yale College and questioned. It was learned that in his native isle he had studied to be a priest, and that now he longed to be instructed in the religion of this new land in which he found himself.

The native boy made friends, who were inspired by him to know more of the land whence he came. Other Hawaiian boys drifted to New England, a few of whom also remained. In 1817 there was a band of five attending a mission school at Cornwall, Connecticut. In 1818 poor Opukahaia died, but what he had told his new friends of the land of his birth was not forgotten.

The following year a little company of American missionaries, with three of the boys from the mission school, set sail for Hawaii.

The company set forth from Boston in the brig "Thaddeus," as brave a pioneer band as ever set forth. They left port in October, made the long journey around Cape Horn, were on their way one hundred and fifty-seven days. In the company were three clergymen, a doctor, a farmer, a printer, and a mechanic. Each man was accompanied by his family, for women and little children, too, braved the dangers and hardships of the far adventure; and the women and children were to prove of the greatest help in winning the hearts of the natives in that little island kingdom.

Kamehameha II. now ruled. He and the chief class had been influenced by association with the foreigners who were residing in the land at the time of the arrival of the first missionaries. King and chiefs saw these men daily break the tabus without suffering harm. They grew to believe the men when they asserted that the various idols were worthless and the priests false. The minds of the leaders were ready for a new

religion when that band of teachers arrived and asked to be allowed to remain and tell them of their God. The leaders welcomed them. The people, used to obedience, followed the leaders.

After more than five months at sea, the mission band approached the southernmost island of the Hawaiian group. As the mountains of Hawaii loomed before them, eagerly the newcomers, and yet more eagerly the homesick native boys, watched for the land to draw closer and closer. Keenly all on board scanned the shore to see what manner of folk were gathered there; and with equal curiosity those on shore regarded the arrival of the latest foreigners.

The Captain of the "Thaddeus" sent ashore an officer from the ship with two of the native boys to act as interpreters. They presently returned with the wonderful news that the tabus had been abolished, the idols destroyed, and that the land was at peace!

This was most welcome news to the weary voyagers, hoping to be allowed to land and set up their mission on these shores. The cheering news was promptly followed by visitors who hastened to give them a friendly greeting.

Without delay there came aboard the ship the prime minister of the kingdom, accompanied by two high-chieffesses, all of whom gave the newcomers a dignified and cordial welcome. These dignitaries accompanied them as they presently sailed along the coast; and while the company waited for permission to land, the royal ladies had sent aboard for the use of the strangers generous gifts of fish, fruit, and vegetables.

In Hawaii there was an old order that no foreigners could remain without permission from king and council. For almost two weeks the mission band had to wait on board their brig before receiving the desired permission. Some of the lawless foreigners, wished to keep out of the islands the laws and customs of the white man; for which reason they tried to prevent the band of teachers from entering and bringing about changes. The lawless influence, however, was not strong enough for this; and finally the council of chiefs gave their word that the missionaries might land and might remain on the islands for a period of one year. Two mission families were asked to remain on the island of Hawaii, the others were sent on to Honolulu.



SHORE ON THE ISLAND OF HAWAII

Showing black volcanic sand on beach, also a native outrigger-canoe.

The natives looked upon the newcomers with frank curiosity, they followed them in crowds, peered into their faces and pressed close against them. Of the women they said: "They are white, and they have hats with a spout; their faces are round and far in, their necks are long, they look well." Nevertheless, though curious they were not unkind. As a whole the natives gave a welcome to the company of teachers from New England.

Honolulu in 1820 was made up of hundreds of grass houses clustered about a fort built of coral rock. Here the American teachers set up the first school and later erected a Mission House and Mission Chapel. The Mission House, where mission families lived and native children were taught, still stands; is preserved as one of the most important historic spots in Hawaii.

The king studied under the new teachers and was eager to learn from them. But he was very fond of drink and his close companions were men of loose habits. Kamehameha II. found himself between two fires. There were the boon companions influencing him to drunkenness and reckless living, and there were the teachers try-

ing to guide him to a very different sort of life. He gave his support first to one side, then to the opposite. In the past there had been a dreaded idol called the poison-god. In the day of Kamehameha II. rum was the "poison-god" for king and for many of the chiefs.

But the newcomers had perhaps their hardest struggle with the people of their own race. For the white men who had drifted to the islands were for the most part opposed to law and order. Only a few gave welcome and help to the missionaries. The others worked both openly and secretly against them, told falsehoods against them to the king and the chiefs. For awhile it looked as though they would be sent away.

One of the most persistent enemies was John Rives, a Frenchman who served the king sometimes as cook, sometimes as boon companion. But John Young, the trusted friend of Kamehameha the Great, championed the cause of the teachers. And the king of Kauai, whose son was one of the native lads accompanying the mission band on the voyage from Boston, used his strong influence to have the teachers remain.

At the end of their trial year they were allowed to stay on and continue their work.

The king and chiefs readily learned to read, and later the common people were given their chance. Schools and pupils rapidly increased in the land. The conch-shell now blew the call to school rather than to battle. In answer to the call came pupils of all ages, gray-haired men and women as well as youths and children. All showed eagerness to learn to read and write. The influence of the teachers made its way from high to low, spread throughout the island group. And the work was helped on by the arrival of an English missionary from Tahiti; who was persuaded to remain for awhile and who worked side by side with the Americans.

A second band from America arrived, a large band, and was given a very cordial welcome. To the captain of the ship who brought this company, the king wrote: "Love to you. This is my communication to you. You have done well in bringing hither the new teachers. You shall pay nothing on account of the harbor (no harbor dues)—no, nothing at all. Grateful

affection to you, Liholiho (Kamehameha II.)”

But the king was not always to be depended upon, and there were ever the lawless white men trying to oppose the mission influence. Now, more and more vessels were coming to Hawaii, and hard, indeed, it was to win obedience to law and order in a port filled with reckless sailors and careless captains.

Though, to be sure, some of the best friends of the Mission, some of the strongest supporters of the enforcement of laws, were the captains of exploring-ship, of whaling-vessel, and of naval vessel. Shipping merchants, too, gave money and influence to those working for a better state of things in the islands, and this support helped greatly in the victory won over the enemy.

However, both English and American whaling-vessels, and at last one United States naval vessel, made a great deal of trouble while in port in Hawaii. Ship's officers who should have upheld law and order, more than once stood out for drunkenness and other evils. The violence went so far that the lives of the mission leaders were in danger. It took high courage on the part of the little group of missionaries to

remain and battle with the evil arrayed against them. But they would not give up; they stayed and steadily struggled on to raise the standards of the islands. And they won a notable victory.

Not long after the coming of the second missionary band, the king was permitted to carry out his desire to visit the far-away land of England. On arrival in England he and his retinue were considered guests of the nation, were given a royal welcome. Among other honors, they were received by the king and held converse with him. One of the party from Hawaii, a high chief, asked the English king if it were wise for the islanders to encourage the teachers of religion, lately come to Hawaii. The king answered; "Yes," and he told his questioners: "If you wish to have me for your friend, you and your people must all learn to read and write." The chief, on his return home advised the people to pay attention to religion and to learning; although, if the truth be told, he paid small attention thereto himself.

While in England Kamehameha II. and his queen fell ill and both died there. The frigate "Blond," commanded by Lord Byron, was

ordered to carry back to the islands the bodies of the royal pair.

Lord Byron performed his sad task in a manner that won the hearts of the Hawaiians. They were grateful to him and turned a listening ear to all that he had to say. Like Vancouver he gave advice to the rulers as to their duties to the people. And he bestowed high praise on the labors of the mission.

The Missionaries worked great changes in Hawaii. They gave the Hawaiians a written language. They translated the Bible and many other books into that language. They taught them to read and to write in their own tongue and in English. They trained mind and hand, their industrial schools were among the first of industrial schools. And they greatly lessened the superstitions and cruelties associated with the old religion. In the little more than a hundred years since the first missionaries set foot on the islands, tremendous changes have transformed that little land. Dark superstition still exists, but no longer rules in Hawaii.

One of the strongest among the early converts to Christianity was Kapiolani, daughter of a

great chief. In her youth she had been intemperate and wild; but later in life she showed herself strong on the side of right, and labored zealously to influence her countrymen to forsake evil and do away with the old superstitions. Tales are handed down telling of her zeal and daring.

In her day, one of the superstitions generally believed in was associated with the volcano of Kilauea. It was tabu for women to ascend the mountain as far as the crater, and tabu for them to eat of the ohelo berries, sacred to Pele, dread goddess of the Volcano. After Kapiolani was converted to the Christian religion, she decided that it was her duty to show the Hawaiian people that the fear of Pele was needless. The missionaries had fearlessly visited the volcano and dared the goddess. She would do the same.

She, too, would brave the anger of Pele; she, too, would ascend the mountain and attack the goddess in her own retreat. With a company of followers Kapiolani made the hard journey of one hundred and fifty miles mostly on foot. Climbing upward toward the crater, they met the priestess of Pele, who warned them to advance

no further, and threatened them with death if they should break the tabus. "Who are you?" boldly demanded Kapiolani. "One in whom the goddess dwells," was the solemn answer.

But Kapiolani silenced the priestess of Pele by telling of the power of Jehovah, and steadfastly continued on to the brink of the old crater. Then she and her company of eighty persons descended hundreds of feet down to the Black Ledge. Here, on the very edge of the cliff overhanging the lake of fire, Kapiolani ate the berries sacred to Pele and threw stones into the fiery lake. Whilst she cried aloud, "Jehovah is my God. He kindled these fires. I fear not Pele. If I perish by her anger then you may fear Pele, but if I trust in Jehovah and he preserve me when breaking her tabus, then you must fear and serve him alone!"

This has been called one of the greatest acts of moral courage ever performed. Charlotte Yonge, the historian, has well described the scene in a chapter entitled "An Hawaiian Chiefess." And of this brave chiefess the poet, Tennyson, wrote—

Noble the Saxon who hurled at his idol
A valorous weapon in olden England!
Great, and greater, and greatest of women
Island heroine, Kapiolani;
Clomb the mountain, and flung the berries,
And dared the goddess, and freed the people
Of Hawaii.

VI

THE WHALERS

NO story of Hawaii could be complete if mention were not made of the whaling-vessels that once filled her ports, and the whaling-industry that once filled her coffers. And to get a picture in any way true of these men engaged in the dangerous game of whale-hunting, we must try to call from the past those ghostly vessels and those vanished men.

Before the days of electric lights, before the common use of rock-oil, good whale-oil was in general use for lighting purposes. The whaling-industry was of high importance. Hardy sailors of widely differing nationalities engaged in sweeping the seas for the whales abounding therein. From Greenland's icy waters to coral strands in Southern seas seamen pursued the whale.

Famous early fields were those of the Arctic Ocean and the North Atlantic. The Japanese

practiced whale fishery from an early day, but it was following the explorations of Captain Cook in the Pacific that white men hunted the whale in that ocean, and the grounds off the Alaska coast which later were to become so famous, were not discovered until fifty years later, in 1835. This discovery led to a rush to the Pacific of whalers from different lands.

For a thousand years seamen had hunted the whale. Norwegians were the early leaders in this hunting, then came the Spaniards, then the French and the English. Later the Dutch led all. After the long leadership of the Dutch, Great Britain again forged ahead, in her second period not only garnering wealth but also training her men for the sea. And lastly the United States became the centre of the whale fishery of the world.

Yankee seamen voyaged the oceans o'er in pursuit of the mammoth creature that yielded such rich store of oil, also a wealth of whale-bone and other substances of high commercial value. When whales abounded, when whale-oil was a necessity, when whale-bone brought thousands of dollars a ton, then the Yankee seaman was

known in practically every port of the world.

The crews of the American whalers were made up, however, of men of many races. Whale-hunting might be looked upon by some as king's sport; by others as the work of galley-slaves driven to the last ounce of muscle and of strength. And those who engaged in whale-hunting were of very opposite sorts, as opposite as king and galley-slave. But they had to be men of mettle, men with quickness of eye and of action; for those of skill as well as strength were the only ones fitted for the dangerous work of whale-capture. And a man with these qualities, be he American Indian or East Indian, Negro or Norwegian, British or American, Hawaiian or Malay, all these might be found among the crew starting off on one of those long, hazardous voyages from Nantucket or New Bedford.

To appreciate the heroism of the whale-hunters, something must be known of the game they followed. The haunts and habits of the whale must be given at least a glance.

There are various species of whale. Some travel singly, but as a rule whales are sociable creatures, flock together in numbers. Before

they were hunted so greedily they could be found in enormous companies. The creatures travel incredibly far and can go incredibly fast. In the best of the whaling days whales abounded both North and South, were found the wide waters over. The look-out perched high aloft in the whaling vessel, called "There she blows! There she blows!" now in Arctic Seas, now down close to the equatorial line.

Men of daring, indeed, the whalers must have been to set out from their ship in a narrow whale-boat and only with spears attack a tremendous creature which, though many tons in weight, can be lightning-quick in striking. Before attacked a whale will try to escape, but when harpoon and lance have begun their work on its huge body the whale makes a tremendous struggle for life.

Inoffensive creatures on the whole they are, but when attacked whales prove the most fearsome of foes. The true whale has no teeth, its chief weapon is the tail and with this it works great havoc. In some species the head is extremely large, and apparently without feeling; this when used as a battering ram can be so destructive as to wreck a ship. Boats crushed like

shells, ships sunk, men maimed and men killed, form no small part of the story of the whaling-industry.

The whalers of the days prior to steam-power and electric-power, were seamen born and bred, more at home on the water than on land. Cutting away from the ship had no terrors for them, though tirelessly they must toil at their oars and ceaselessly they must watch the moves of their giant prey. They knew to a minute when the whale would rise to the surface to "blow," and when it rose they were ready to make their attack. A whale usually stays under from eight to ten minutes. When he comes up he blows eight or nine times, remains two or three minutes. The harpooner must instantly be ready to hurl with all the force possible that spear with the line attached, while the crew must be alert to back their boat. In the old method of hunting, the whale might plunge deep and carry with it as much as two hundred fathoms of line. But ere long he would have to rise again to "blow." And when again the harpoon was hurled, perhaps the whale did not try to escape,

but lashed right and left, making the water boil and foam.

Now the narrow boat might be overturned and the men all cast upon the ocean. But this was just part of the game. The boat would be righted, the men clamber in and the wounded whale be followed. Tirelessly they worked at the oars while the men expert at harpooning hurled the lance again and yet again. Unceasingly they kept to the struggle till the great foe lay lifeless upon the sea.

The struggle might be violent and short, or long-drawn out and every moment full of danger. Repeatedly the boat might be overturned and all clamber in again. But sometimes a man was swept overboard and drowned, could neither be got back into the boat nor rescued by the waiting ship; and sometimes a man got caught in the entangling lines and was carried down to ocean depths. Though again and again the foe was conquered without the loss of a single life.

Of course, not always were the hunters successful in getting their victim. Many a

harpooned whale got away with the line, swam away to be hunted another day in far other waters. And all the hard work on the part of the men was for naught save that they gained in experience.

When a capture was made, the carcass would be towed to the ship and lashed there with chains. When secure, the thick outer blanket of the whale, the blubber, was removed by men standing on the slippery body and with sharp "spades" cutting the blubber into blocks, which were hoisted on to the ship. From the mouth of the true whales were procured the horny plates which furnished the whale-bone of commerce. To procure these plates the men went down into the whale's mouth and cut them out. Both the capture and disposal of the mammoth prey spelled danger and heavy toil for the whale-hunters. Some were men of cool courage, many were wild and reckless fellows.

Hawaii, at the Cross-roads of the Pacific, was to become extremely popular with the whalers working in the Pacific. The first whaler to Hawaii came in 1820, arrived here the same year as the first missionaries. Whalers crowding

Hawaiian ports for supplies and for repairs, added greatly to the prosperity of the land. They brought to the islands not only money and letters, but also news and gifts from without. They picked up seamen from amongst the islanders and carried them away to distant ports; contributed their full share to bring Hawaii in touch with the outside world.

They were welcome and they were unwelcome in the little island kingdom. Welcome was their money and welcome the news they brought of happenings beyond the horizon-line. But the whalers also brought in rum to sell to the natives and which worked great harm amongst them. While the motley crew on the whalers added greatly to the troubles of those trying to make Hawaii a secure and pleasant place wherein to live. White men and dark-skinned ones, both races, when they were ashore in Hawaii declared, "There is no law this side of Cape Horn! Here we can do what we please and no one shall say us nay."

Of course, not all the visitors were of this sort. Some of the whaling masters upheld the work of the Mission, and the better efforts of the king;

staunchly stood for law and order. And these advised the chiefs to enforce the laws broken by the reckless foreigners. But the others united in strong numbers against rules and regulations. Repeatedly drunken mobs of sailors took affairs into their own hands; they made the ports of Hawaii a byword and a reproach. The whaling vessels brought to the islands a full measure of evil as well as a goodly measure of prosperity.

The Hawaiian Islands shortly became chief assembling place for the whaling vessels of the Pacific. As early as 1823 from forty to sixty whale-ships might at one time be gathered in Honolulu harbor. There were whalers from England and elsewhere during this period, but the majority were from America. In one whaling season a fleet of two hundred vessels arrived at Honolulu from the Arctic Ocean, filling the harbor from harbor entrance to water-front.

Hawaiian vessels, too, engaged in whaling, Hawaii herself built up something of a fleet of whalers, fur-traders and whaler's tenders. Some of these were sent on long cruises and into

distant waters. One vessel was fitted out as a whaler and trader and sent forth to Micronesian waters in search of a lost schooner. The schooner was never reported on, and the searching vessel itself never returned. During the American Civil War a Confederate steamer burned a little fleet of Hawaiian whalers at Ascension Island.

While the Civil War was in progress whalers were burned both in the Arctic Sea and down at the Caroline Islands. Several hundred Hawaiian seamen who had shipped on these various vessels, finally found their way home. It was a few years after the close of the War that the whaling fleet in the Arctic got caught in the ice-fields and suffered the loss of thirty-three ships. At the time of this disaster a thousand seamen arrived at Honolulu from Icy Cape.

Whaling vessels in numbers vanished long ago from Hawaiian waters. And from other waters too. Whales decreased greatly in numbers, owing to the rate at which they had been hunted down. While the rapidly-increasing use of petroleum lessened the demand for whale-oil. The

whaling industry became a thing of the past. But the memory of the whaling ships and of the daring souls that sailed therein, has not vanished. These outlast. For they belong to the story of puny man in his brave battle with the ocean.

VII

THE HAWAIIAN FLAG

THE Hawaiian flag had eight stripes—red, blue and white—for the eight islands, and had the English Jack in the upper corner. It was unfurled during the War of 1812, the war between England and America, and continued the banner of the country until 1898. This covers a period of over eighty years.

During these years it was often mistaken for the British flag, which it closely resembled. And the British flag did for years soar in the land of Kamehameha. In 1794, on Vancouver's last visit to the islands, Kamehameha had asked for the protection of England. At the time Hawaii was becoming acquainted with foreign nations, also with the armed vessels of foreign nations; and feared for the future. The need of a friend powerful as well as trustworthy was felt. Vancouver's firmness and kindness had won the friendship of the islanders, and naturally they

turned to the nation which he represented for the protection they desired.

Vancouver told them it was not in his power formally to bestow the protection of Great Britain, but promised to lay Hawaii's case before his Government; promised also to ask that teachers and other helpers be sent out to the islands from his homeland. He gave the chiefs advice as to their dealings with the increasing number of foreigners, and held council with them on board his ship in Kealakekua Bay. At which time the chiefs, though desiring to continue in charge of their own affairs, repeated their request for the protection of Great Britain.

Whereupon Vancouver sent ashore an officer with the order to hoist the British colors and take possession of the land in the name of his Britannic Majesty. February 25th, 1794, the British flag was raised in Hawaii; amid the shouting of the natives, who declared, "We are men of Britain! We are men of Britain!"

But the British Government never ratified this move on the part of the islanders, for at this time the British were too busy with troubles near home to pay attention to a small group of isles the

other side of the globe. England did not give the protection asked for; nor send the teachers Vancouver had hoped would go out to help his native friends in their problems. It was American teachers that did the pioneer work in Hawaii, and American protection that was later sought.

Still the British colors were those that first unfurled to the trade-winds and kona winds of the islands, and it was a close copy of her colors that for four-score years soared in Hawaii. And when finally the emblem of the United States was raised, those in authority did not dismiss wholly from the land the flag that had been familiar to generations of Hawaiians. To-day young as well as old are familiar with the banner marked by the eight stripes of red, blue and white and that bears in the upper corner the English Jack. The Hawaiians still hold for the Hawaiian flag a warm aloha. It brings back the story of the days of their fathers and of their fathers' fathers.

Much happened between 1794 and 1898. A hundred years worked tremendous changes there. The sandalwood trade rose to its greatest height and died away. But through this trade inter-

course with China was begun and led to the coming to the islands of an occasional Chinese, as well as the bringing into the country of much Chinese merchandise. Whilst yet sandalwood cargoes were calling ships to the islands, there began coming to these shores in increasing numbers vessels engaged in quite a different industry, the vessels of the whaling fleets. For fifty years these flocked here for food and water and wood, for repairs and reshipping. And then the whaling-industry died down. But the islanders were not to starve, for now sugar came to the fore and brought great wealth to the little island world.

Before the growth of the sugar industry, in the early trading days, peoples from scattered nations of the globe were touching at Hawaii. Exploring-ship and trading-ship, the two, resulted in the islanders making acquaintance with French and Russians, with Chinese, English and Yankees. And resulted in troubles, too, that at times threatened the peace of the little kingdom.

The Russians are thought to have had their eye on this group of islands so conveniently situated at the cross-roads of the Pacific. Back as early

as 1809 a scouting vessel was sent down here by the Russian Governor of Alaska. A few years later a Russian vessel out on a sealing voyage was wrecked off the island of Kauai, and when its stores and cargo were salvaged they were left in charge of the king of Kauai. Soon an agent of the Russians appeared on the island of Kauai to look after the Russian property there; and following him came a small colony of Kodiak Indians. The agent, plotting to gain possession of Kauai, erected a fort and made other threatening moves. Various vessels were sent down by the Russian Governor of Alaska, and finally there anchored in Honolulu harbor a Russian ship which sent men ashore to build a block-house, mount guns and hoist the Russian flag.

Meanwhile the Hawaiians, under the advice of John Young, proceeded to erect a fort themselves. This commanded the harbor at Honolulu, and later cannon were mounted on Punchbowl Hill, overlooking the town.

Kamehameha did not tamely submit to the acts indulged in by the agent on Kauai. He expelled the offender from the islands, hauled down the Russian colors on Kauai and there put up

his own. Then the visit of the famous navigator Kotzebue brought the Russian scare to an end. He assured the islanders that the Russian government would not support such acts as had marked the agent's stay in Hawaii; and the commander proceeded to give Kamehameha various proofs of his friendliness. On the departure of Kotzebue's ship, salutes were exchanged with the Hawaiian fort, and now the Russians no longer were regarded as foes. In the future, as at first, Russian vessels when touching at Hawaii were given welcome.

During the war of 1812, a visiting captain had advised Kamehameha to take down the British flag. The Hawaiian king then adopted a flag of his own; changed the order of the British colors to the later red, blue and white, and had the English Jack in the upper corner.

The little island nation was becoming better known, and something of her future value considered. As in the case of the Russians, individuals made trouble that grew to serious proportions. With both France and England Hawaii became entangled, the little nation of

little experience in dealing with other nations was forced to gain that experience.

Back in 1819, a French discovery-ship had come to Hawaii and the Chaplain on board had baptized two of the high-chiefs, the Prime Minister and the Governor of Oahu. The Hawaiians doubtless knew very little of the meaning of the ceremony, although at the time there was residing in Hawaii the Frenchman, Jean Rives, who had drifted there years before and was able to act as interpreter; who did, in fact, act as interpreter for the king.

Rives served Kamehameha II. in other capacities, also, though most frequently as boon companion. He was one of the lawless whites that bitterly opposed the work of the American Mission, and was one of the leaders that strove to influence the king against the members of the Mission.

Jean Rives had himself made a member of the party that accompanied Kamehameha II. to England. On the arrival of the party in England, Rives was dismissed from service and went over to France. Here he represented him-

self as a person of great wealth and influence in the island kingdom. Taken at his own valuation, he was given credit for a cargo of goods and was able to charter a ship. Then he proceeded to advertise for skilled workers to be employed on his estates, also for priests to go out and teach the people there. And it was in response to Rives' request, that the first Catholic Missionaries were sent out to Hawaii.

In November 1826 a small band of priests and lay brothers departed for the islands. Rives, who promised their passage would be paid for on their arrival in Honolulu, deserted the band; sailed for some Pacific port by another ship and left them to their fate. They landed without money and without friends, as well as ignorant of the language and customs of the country. From the start they labored under difficulties, but made converts among the natives, and tried to advance the work among them. Several times they were ordered by the council of chiefs to depart; and finally a ship was chartered to carry them away to California.

The chiefs thought the images used by the

Catholics a return to the worship of idols. The priests were exiled from the islands, and the converts made by them punished by the native Christians high in authority. This persecution of the Catholics led to protests from outside. Also to protests made by armed ships in Hawaiian waters. The captain of an English sloop-of-war and the commander of a French frigate, together in port at Honolulu, were appealed to on behalf of two priests imprisoned aboard a vessel and about to be deported. Stormy times followed; and the French captain obtained from the king the guarantee that in Hawaii the French were to have "equal advantages with the subjects of the most favored nations."

Other foreign visitors advised the chiefs to allow religious freedom, but for some time this freedom was not granted. In 1839 again a French frigate arrived at Honolulu and made imperious demands. This time the captain announced that he had been ordered by his Majesty, the king of France, to put at an end the "ill-treatment to which the French had been victims in the Sandwich Islands." The captain

announced also that he was empowered to use force if necessary. And Hawaii found itself faced with a very difficult situation.

Demands were made which if not at once agreed to, would immediately lead to hostilities. In the absence from Honolulu of the king, those acting for him signed the agreement. But on the return of the king, added demands were presented. Kamehameha III. was forced to sign an agreement allowing that French wine and brandy be admitted at a very low duty, and giving special privileges to Frenchmen arrested for any crime. Then the frigate sailed away, and French guns had not been turned on Honolulu.

Yet the little capital was not left undisturbed. Trouble had been brewing for some time with England. The first English consular agent to Hawaii, was bitterly opposed to the strict laws beginning to be enforced in the islands. These laws, he declared, were due to the influence exerted over the chiefs by the American missionaries. Various foreign residents united with him to form a party opposed to the mission, and worked to prevent the enforcement of the new

laws. In addition to the desire to oppose the influence of the mission, Englishman and Frenchman each may have had designs to see Hawaii annexed to his own country. For the islands had once been ceded to England. While France, recently interesting herself in Tahiti and the Marquesas, might easily have been thought willing to become interested in these fruitful isles of the Pacific.

The English agent after long opposition to the reform movement steadily making its way in Hawaii, went so far as to declare that the native chiefs had no right to make laws or treaties without the permission of the British Government. Not succeeding in various schemes attempted, he at length brought forth a claim to a valuable tract of land in Honolulu. But this claim was questioned by those in power. Finally, he set sail for England to lay before his government a list of complaints regarding the treatment of British subjects in Hawaii.

On the way he stopped at a port in Mexico and presented the complaints to the commander of a British frigate anchored there. Whereupon the British frigate hastened to Hawaii. Upon

arrival at Honolulu the commander made extreme demands, which he declared must be agreed upon at once; and while awaiting an answer the frigate turned her batteries upon the town.

In this difficult situation, some of the foreign residents advised the king, Kamehameha III., to cede the islands to the United States and France jointly, and that these two powers should then judge the case. But the commander of the British frigate at Honolulu was demanding more and more of the little kingdom, the situation was very threatening. The king's chief advisers concluded it would be wisest to cede the islands for the time being to Great Britain, trusting that when all the facts of the case were known Hawaii's independence would be restored. Ere the Hawaiian flag was lowered and the British colors were raised, the King spoke to his subjects thus:—"Where are you, chiefs, people, and commons from my ancestors, and people from foreign lands! Hear ye! I make known to you that I am in perplexity by reason of difficulties in which I have been brought without cause; therefore, I have given away the life of the land,

hear ye! But my rule over you, my people, and your privileges will continue, for I have hope that the life of the land will be restored when my conduct shall be justified."

But before this two messengers had been sent to England on behalf of the Hawaiian government, one an American by birth, the other a native Hawaiian; and later a third messenger raced to get to England with the story of the demands made by the commander of the British frigate. The mission in the end was a success; for the agents were greatly helped by a friend at court, a governor in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. Their cause finally was given a hearing, and they were assured that Her Majesty's Government would recognize the independence of the "Sandwich Islands," as the islands were called then in England and elsewhere.

And ere long there sailed into Honolulu harbor the British flag-ship "Dublin" having aboard Rear-Admiral Thomas, Commander-in-Chief of the British naval forces in the Pacific. The Admiral requested an interview with the king, and shortly the glad news flew about that

the independence of the little kingdom was to be restored. On the 31st of July, 1843, in an open space, now known as Thomas Square, Admiral Thomas formally restored to the island kingdom her surrendered independence. The Hawaiian flag was again raised over the fort and upon Punch-bowl Hill, amid the shouts of the happy people, the booming of guns and roar of cannon. At a Thanksgiving service held in the large native church, Kamehameha III. made use of words that were to become the national motto—"Ua mau ke ea ka aina i ka pono"—"The life of the land is perpetuated by righteousness."

These different experiences made Hawaii eager to obtain from world powers recognition of her independence. An able agent remained abroad three years working to obtain fair treatment for the kingdom of Hawaii. At home troubles continued, however. A French consul attempted to interfere with affairs on the islands, and was backed up by a French Admiral who dismantled the fort, pulled down the flag and indulged in other threatening acts. Again a mission was sent abroad to labor in the cause of fair treatment for the island kingdom. In the

end, through the various efforts at work, treaties were made with England, France, Belgium and the United States. These powers recognized Hawaii as an independent kingdom, and the Hawaiian ship of state sailed on in serener waters.

The later relations with English and French were most amiable. And the persecution of Catholics came to an end.

In the latter part of the reign of Kamehameha III. an order was passed allowing religious freedom. Catholic priests were permitted to carry on their work and encouraged therein. A cathedral was built, schools and churches were established generally on the islands and many native converts made. While the work of a band of Catholic priests and Catholic sisters on the island of Molokai was to become world famous. In that portion of Molokai set off by high cliffs and sea from the rest of the world, those workers chose to dwell and to labor for the hapless colony of lepers.

In this brief story of the kingdom of Hawaii, mention must be made of at least two women who at different times held in their hands the reins

of government. Though many things were tabu to women in the old days, the high-chieffesses exerted much power.

Kaahumanu, the favorite queen of Kamehameha the Great, served in the reign of Kamehameha II. as prime minister, with authority equal that of the king. In the absence of the king in England she acted as queen regent; and after his death continued as regent. She directed a war, and she made the first commercial treaty ever made by Hawaii with a foreign nation. Kinau, daughter of Kamehameha the Great, in her day also filled the post of prime minister of the kingdom; and while in charge of affairs boldly stood out against demands made by foreigners.

During the days of the monarchy eight rulers sat on the throne. Kamehameha the Great was followed by Kamehameha the Second, the Third, the Fourth, and the Fifth. Then came King Lunalilo, elected by vote of the legislature, who died after a reign of one brief year. He was followed by Kalakaua, also elected by vote of the legislature. His successor was his sister, Queen

Liliuokalani, the last of the Hawaiian monarchs.

Kamehameha the First conquered the islands, and put them under the rule of one strong hand. Peace followed, industry advanced, foreigners found safe anchorage in Hawaiian ports. The reign of Kamehameha II. was a short one, but marked by very important events. The old idols were destroyed, the tabus abolished, the American missionaries arrived and were welcomed and their work was encouraged. Kamehameha III. reigned almost thirty years. He gave Hawaii just and liberal laws, freedom in worship, and the right to hold lands. However, his day was marked not only by great progress but also by stormy dealings with foreign nations. In time the storms passed and the country advanced very fast.

The best monument of the reign of Kamehameha IV. was the founding of Queen Emma Hospital, funds for which were collected personally by the king and queen, the latter the much loved Queen Emma.

Kamehameha V. reigned nine years, chose able men and gave them his support. Laborers from

China were now coming to the islands in numbers, and the cultivation of sugar-cane was now a promising industry.

Kamehameha V. never married. He had desired to wed Bernice Pauahi, great-granddaughter of Kamehameha the Great; but she married an American gentleman, Charles Reed Bishop, at the time Secretary of the United States Consulate. Princess Bernice Pauahi did not sit on a throne, but she left behind a queenly and an enduring name. The Kamehameha Schools are her monument in Hawaii, for she bequeathed her great fortune to found a noble institution for the people of her race. And her husband added another monument to the memory of the last of the Kamehamehas, the Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum in Honolulu.

King Lunalilo, king for but a year, too, left an enduring monument—the Lunalilo Home for aged Hawaiians.

King Kalakaua ascended the throne in 1874 and reigned eighteen years. Kalakaua visited the United States and later made a tour of the world. In his reign the reciprocity treaty with the United States was concluded, following

which there was to be great prosperity for the islands. Now there flocked to Hawaii to work in the cane fields Portuguese and Japanese laborers, also natives from the Gilbert Islands.

King Kalakaua was succeeded by his sister Liliuokalani. The reign of Queen Liliuokalani, very brief and very stormy, was brought to an end by the Revolution of 1893. But for a period the Hawaiian flag continued to wave over the islands; and it is not banished now, for as a State flag it is still in use.

VIII

THE UNITED STATES FLAG

IN looking back, one's fancy plays with the picture of what Hawaii's story would have been, had the Spanish discovery of the islands led to Spanish settlement and Spanish rule. Or, following the re-discovery of the islands by the great English circumnavigator, Captain Cook, if England had laid claim to the land and set up English rule. Or, if the offended French had taken possession. Or, if Japan had swooped down and added the Hawaiian group to her empire.

However, it was the United States, a nearer power than Spain, England, France, or Japan, that in the end took upon its shoulders the protection of the islands, the burden of its government. And it was this powerful neighboring country that has been the chief influence in the advance of the little kingdom.

American missionaries were among the first

white people to brave the dangers of pioneer life in the almost unknown country. Americans set up the first schools and churches here. Americans served as supporters of beset Hawaiian rulers at home and as their agents abroad. American enterprise and capital were of utmost importance in the launching and advance of industries in the island kingdom. Americans early settled in the various islands; they were early to be found not only in port-town and village, but also on remote ranch lands, in field and forest. They labored in parish and in school-district, as physician and judge, at counting-house and counter, in mill and on plantation. Their industry and enterprise were invaluable in bringing the islands to the place they now occupy.

But when annexation to the United States was asked for by the island group set off there by itself at the cross-roads of the Pacific, the annexation was not granted readily. The gift to be had for the taking was accepted with a slowness that aroused wonder in the minds of other nations. For long years the policy of the United States had been to protect the inde-

pendence of Hawaii, and that course was not changed immediately.

In a glance back at the history of the relations between Hawaii and the United States, it comes to light that Hawaii's first commercial treaty was made with the United States. And that the United States was the first of the great powers to recognize the independence of the little kingdom of Hawaii.

When in the early days the islanders were formulating laws against drunkenness and vice, and trying to force both foreigners and natives to obey these laws, in this difficult period the islanders met with support from the United States. A U. S. sloop-of-war on arrival at Honolulu brought from the Secretary of the Navy the following letter—"Our citizens who violate your laws and interfere with your regulations violate at the same time their duty to their own government and country, and merit censure and punishment. We have heard with pain that this is sometimes the case, and we have sought to know and to punish those who are guilty."

Realizing the need for a change in his system of government, Kamehameha III. appealed to

the United States to send Hawaii a leader to guide them in political and legal matters; but their appeal met with no response. The United States, however, was not indifferent to the welfare of the little nation. When Kamehameha III. was forced to make the cession of the islands to Great Britain, the Commodore of a U. S. frigate on arriving at Honolulu protested against the cession that had been made, and upon a visit of some young Hawaiian chiefs aboard the frigate saluted them under the Hawaiian flag. And in 1851 when the French made impossible demands of the little island kingdom, the king signed a proclamation placing the islands under the protection of the United States until such time as better relations with France should come about. Thereupon the demands of the French were not pressed.

About this time a movement was started in the kingdom having for its purpose annexation to the United States. The king, who was weary of the many demands made upon him by foreign powers, favored annexation. But the missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic, opposed the surrender of the independence of Hawaii.

This period was marked by plots brewing at home, and by threats that fillibusters were soon to land and demand the signing of a treaty of annexation. In these straits an appeal was made to the representatives of the Great Powers, and protection if needed was promised by United States, British and French naval forces then in port. With this support behind him, the king made the declaration that his independence was more firmly established than ever before.

Meanwhile strenuous efforts were in progress to conclude a Treaty of Reciprocity with the United States. The proposed treaty met with opposition in both countries; in Hawaii the opposition grew more bitter when it was proposed to offer the United States the exclusive use of Pearl Harbor as a coaling and repair station for its ships of war. But the opposition was finally overcome, and King Kalakaua helped bring about the treaty.

In 1876, early in the reign of Kalakaua, the Reciprocity Treaty came into effect for a term of years; and later the treaty was renewed. The United States agreed to admit Hawaiian rice and sugar free from the payment of duty;

and in return Hawaii was to admit certain products from the United States free of duty, also was to allow the United States the free use of Pearl Harbor.

After the Reciprocity Treaty came into effect, the little country developed very fast. This development was especially noticeable in the sugar and rice industries, the two leading industries of the day. Barren lands were irrigated, railroads built, more steamer lines established. Great prosperity followed the signing of the Treaty of Reciprocity, one of the most important events in the history of Hawaii.

The election of Kalakaua as king had been accompanied by mob-rioting in Honolulu. Many had favored Dowager Queen Emma for ruler, and when the legislature elected Kalakaua a mob attacked the court-house and assaulted the representatives. Neither police nor volunteer troops seeming able to quell the mob, the government asked for the landing of troops from two U. S. ships and a British ship then in port. These troops were landed, the mob was dispersed and order restored.

Twenty years later, at the close of the brief

and stormy reign of Queen Liliuokalani, United States troops again were landed upon Hawaiian soil and called upon to maintain order. Queen Liliuokalani had attempted to put forth a new constitution that would greatly increase the power of the throne, and that would allow the vote only to Hawaiians. An uprising followed and the Queen was deposed.

The United States Minister at Honolulu asked for the landing of sailors and marines from the U. S. "Boston," and the islands were placed under the temporary protection of the United States. Meanwhile a commission was dispatched in all haste to Washington to lay before the powers there the question of the annexation of the islands.

Annexation to the United States, as stated before, was not granted readily. A provisional government, with Sanford B. Dole as President, held the reins for a year and a half. Then the provisional government was changed to the Republic of Hawaii. President Dole continued at the head of affairs, and made an earnest endeavor to win for the government the support of both Hawaiians and whites. As was natural,

loyalties were divided. The country must have a stable government, yet Hawaiian royalty had many persistent supporters. Meanwhile the work went on of trying to interest the United States in the annexation of the little country. But it was opposed by President Cleveland.

Agents were sent out from Washington to study the situation in Hawaii and to report in regard to the restoration of the monarchy. Now followed troublous times, days of unrest and mutterings of violence. Then came a change of Presidents at the White House, another hand at the helm in Washington.

The Islands were annexed to the United States in 1898, and presently became the Territory of Hawaii. The United States had awakened to the fact that if she did not herself annex the group, ere long Japan might; for the Japanese had flocked to the islands by thousands, were there now in overwhelming numbers. Too, the Spanish-American War had changed the attitude of many Americans in regard to Hawaii; had brought realization of the fact that the islands were of the greatest importance as a naval station in the Pacific.

Hawaii is of the utmost importance to the United States as a military and naval base. Pearl Harbor has one of the largest drydocks in the world, and it is now the headquarters of the marine corps of the local department. The side of the island on which the city of Honolulu is situated is strongly fortified, and at the present time there are about fifteen thousand troops stationed on the island of Oahu. The Hawaiian Department has recently been made the largest United States military division; it includes not only Hawaii, but also the other American islands in the Central Pacific.

Since annexation many more people have come to the islands. The army and navy posts have brought considerable numbers, whilst more and more travellers find their way here. There has been a marked increase in business and in building activities, and Hawaii of to-day, though in the sub-tropics, shows little of tropical slackness.

But ever since Hawaii's first efforts to be modern, the little country has taken pride in keeping abreast of the times. When science and invention present something new, Hawaii has ever shown haste to bring into the island

world the latest offered in the service of man. Telephones were in use in tiny hamlets of Hawaii long ere they were in general use in villages in the United States. Even the beloved horse of the native gave way when motor travel began. Wireless, flying-machines, and radio soon became commonplaces on the islands.

Some of this quickness to adapt and adopt may be laid to the white man's enterprise; some to the invigorating influence of the north-east trade-winds. But it all makes for an atmosphere that is often called "American."

IX

THE OLD AND THE NEW

THE old order passes and the new takes its place. And yet daily life goes on not greatly changed. While, happily, Time lessens bitter feelings, and with its softening touch brings together those who thought never to come together again in friendly fashion.

In Hawaii it was not easy for royalty to see itself deposed, and not easy for those loyal to the throne to see that throne laid low. Which was to be expected. The unexpected was that so soon there should come about an uncomplaining acceptance of changed conditions, a willingness to return to a friendly footing with those lately looked upon as most unfriendly.

Queen Liliuokalani was never so much the Queen as she showed herself in her later years, in the years when no crown was hers to wear, when she dwelt no longer in a palace, when her hands no longer held the reins of government.

Earlier she had mistaken notions of a ruler's rights and powers, went beyond modern bounds of Queenship; but of her later attitude toward her land and toward life in general, one finds little to criticise, much to admire.

After a period of enforced seclusion from the world, when again she was free to come and go as she pleased, she chose a seclusion of her own making. And in the quiet and leisure of this life she filled her hours with no mean interests, for with music and poetry she spent much of this time. She translated old mele, she wrote songs herself; and found in music, always loved by her, no little reward for what she had lost.

Famous musicians, making a halt in Hawaii on farther travels, always paid a visit to Washington Place, the charming house which became the chief residence of the ex-Queen. And they took their gift of music to give pleasure to the stately old lady who seemed to them very unlike the popular idea of Liliuokalani. Her manners, her soft voice, the maiden-hair ferns and orchids she ever kept about her rooms—for she was a great lover of flowers as well as of music—, all these spoke of a fineness of taste that in the future

they would associate with the ex-Queen of Hawaii.

The writer was present at a small musicale given at Washington Place in honor of Nordica, then on that round-the-world voyage from which she was not to return. It was a perfect Honolulu afternoon; the trade-wind blowing, and vine and tree and shrub in riotous bloom. The spacious rooms, an interesting mingling of old Hawaii and of to-day, were dressed in honor of the expected guest. The American opera-singer entered, bowed low before Hawaii's one-time ruler, then side by side the two sat talking of the art loved by each in her own way. The two formed a striking picture, the aging, stately Hawaiian chiefess and the fair-skinned, world-famed artist, the latter no little weary herself after a life more or less tempestuous. Each was frankly interested in the other, each laid her gift before the other. Nordica sang for "The Queen" again and again, at last chose the Hawaiian song "Aloha Oe," a choice that greatly pleased Liliuokalani.

Little by little Washington Place extended its hospitalities, little by little Liliuokalani was per-

suaded to appear on this and that public occasion. Finally, in Honolulu the "Queen's Birthday" became an anniversary in celebration of which the general public again took part, on that day numbers again bent their way to Liliuokalani's home to pay her homage. Government officials, considered her one-time enemies, now again entered the wide doors. Army and Navy and Church called to pay their respects, to offer their congratulations. And all the while Washington Place was fringed with that retinue of humble natives who, through good report and evil report, in all the ups and downs of her career, had given unquestioning loyalty to their Queen—the only name by which they called her to the end of her days.

With the passing of monarch and president there comes to the front the Governor of Hawaii. The island group as the Territory of Hawaii, has for chief official the Governor, who is appointed by the President of the United States. The territorial secretary and the chief judges, also, are appointed by the President. There is a Delegate to Congress, elected by the people, and the territorial legislature is elected by the

people. Many of the legislators and numbers of the officials throughout the islands are Hawaiian, or part-Hawaiian. While for many years an Hawaiian prince served as Delegate to Congress.

The four main islands are regarded as counties, smaller islands being attached to and forming part of a "county." Each county through its board of supervisors manages its own internal affairs. The island of Oahu, known officially as the City and County of Honolulu, is governed by a board of supervisors and a mayor. Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, is headquarters for the collector of customs, the collector of internal revenue, United States Marshal and Judges, the immigration authorities, and other federal officials. The former Palace, now known as the Capitol, houses the principal territorial offices.

For a hundred years and more the Hawaiians have shown an eagerness for the establishment in their midst of schools and churches. Oahu College, founded as early as 1841, in its early days received pupils from California, for at that time Hawaii seemed more of a neighbor than those states far away to the east. To-day in Hawaii

the child may begin at the Kindergarten and continue on through a University education. Scattered here and there are numerous private as well as public educational institutions, there are trade, business, industrial, and foreign-language schools. To-day the islands boast a normal training school, a military academy, and the University of Hawaii. In a recent survey of the schools of the United States, Hawaii was found to have a place far from the rear.

On each island there are public and circulating libraries, all supported by the Territory. There are several daily papers printed in the English language, also dailies in foreign languages. Two regular monthly magazines as well as religious periodicals and bulletins are published here. The native Hawaiian has long been something of a reader, and to-day if he does not read it is not from lack of opportunity.

And if he does not go to church it is not from want of opportunity. Cathedral and Mission, Church and Chapel, Mormon temple and Oriental temple, they uprise here and there on the islands. Their numbers and kinds, rather than their scarcity, must perplex the native.

Prosperity and progress marked the old days, prosperity and progress mark the new. Perhaps the most noticeable difference in the present is the important part played by the Army and Navy, by the fact that Hawaii has become a great naval base protected by a strong military force.

PART IV

ISLAND LIFE TO-DAY

I

FOLK FROM MANY LANDS IN HAWAII

MANY men of many kinds there are in Hawaii. When you step ashore in Honolulu you hear the English language on all sides, but you hear, too, a babble of other tongues. There is the flow of vowels of the Hawaiian. He has only twelve letters in his alphabet, and five of these are vowels. There is the sing-song of the Chinese, and the pidgin English that he talks to the haeole (white person). There is the shrill-voiced Portuguese, and the glib Japanese. There are Filipinos and Porto-Ricans and Koreans. Of pale faces, in addition to the many Americans there are English and Australians and New Zealanders, there are Scotch and Irish and Germans and French, there are Danes and Norwegians and Swedes and Russians. And then there are you and you and you, travellers who add to the many kinds of people.

We have previously used the term the "Cross-

roads of the Pacific"; for no words better tell that here at Hawaii is found a "four-corners" in the greatest ocean. Consider Hawaii's situation. Apart from other lands, yes: and, in a way, as we earlier called it, "lonely in the waste of waters." But see how it lies in the paths of the great steamer-lines of to-day, and you will agree that many water routes in the Pacific lead to Hawaii.

Here north and south meet, here east and west. Passenger vessels and freighters foregather here from far distant points on the Pacific. Ships from Asiatic ports follow a course that brings them to the "Cross-roads." Pathways from Manila, Hongkong, Yokohama and Vladivostok come together at Hawaii. From the South—from Australia, New Zealand and the South Sea Isles—vessels voyage regularly to Hawaii. From the west coast of North America, from Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego, ships steer for Hawaii. From Panama, from ports along the South American coast, from around the Horn, roads lead to Hawaii. It is no idle boast to



L. J. G. O. R. T. H.

A GROUP OF SCHOOL CHILDREN

Including Javanese, Porto-Rican, Chinese, Korean, American-Hawaiian, pure Hawaiian, Japanese and Portuguese.

speak of the islands as "The Cross-roads of the Pacific."

Trade and travel account for the change. There was a day when the so-called "Sandwich Islands" were looked upon as at the end of the world; an outland, and outlandish. But now the wealth of the isles, the beauty and charm of the isles are widely known and widely appreciated. Hawaii is no longer at world's end but at the centre of things.

This change came about gradually, little by little. Changing industries attracted changing peoples to Hawaii. When the sandalwood trade died out, when the whaling-industry declined, then agriculture came into its own. The discovery of gold in California and the need for a rush of food supplies there, proved an encouragement to agriculture in Hawaii. Potatoes and wheat and corn were grown here to be shipped to California. And in this period was formed the Hawaiian Agricultural Society, which was to do so much to encourage farming and to foster the importation of valuable plants and animals.

Shortly after experiments were made in the

culture of rice, this crop became of much value in Hawaii. As early as the early fifties the sugar-business formed a considerable part of the island commerce; plantation supplies were imported and raw sugar sent out. There grew more and more need of laborers to work on the land, both in the rice-fields and in the sugar-cane fields. And these laborers had to be brought from foreign parts. Agents were sent over seas in search of the right kind of laborers, and there were brought into the islands bands of Portuguese, of Chinese and of Japanese; then later, companies of Russians, of Filipinos, of Porto Ricans, and of Koreans.

Every worker, howsoever humble, has helped build up the prosperity of the little land. In Hawaii the Chinese have done their full part. The earliest trade of the country was with China, back in those days when the sandalwood forests were part of the wealth of the islands. Then Hawaiian cargoes were entered at Chinese ports, and Chinese merchandise found its way to Hawaiian ports. It was a Chinaman who set up the first sugar-mill ever set up in Hawaii, a simple stone mill with boilers. It was a Chinaman who

taught the natives something of the culture of sugar-cane, and it was a Chinaman who gave the natives instruction in the raising of rice. The islanders also obtained their early instruction in business methods from the Chinese.

But it was not until 1852 that the Chinese came to Hawaii in considerable numbers. Then many arrived to work on the plantations, and some came as house-servants. Not a few of these in time married Hawaiian women and took up a settled residence on the islands. Their children, Hawaiian-Chinese, as a class have been highly regarded. They have shown eagerness to learn, industry beyond the average, business ability, faithfulness, and devotion to both family and country.

Many of the early Japanese came to Hawaii to make money there and then go back to Japan. But later comers decided to remain on the islands, and to-day the Japanese form close to one-half of the entire population. The sort of citizens the Japanese are, or are to become, is of great importance in the life of the land. As yet they seem to be folk without a country; for they are slow to adopt the ways of the land where

they live, although they are cutting adrift from the teachings of the country of their birth. This situation is hard for them; also hard for the land wherein they have taken up residence.

The Portuguese are next to the Japanese in numbers, outnumber the Chinese by a few thousands. They came to the islands some years later than the Chinese, like the latter proved industrious and desirable immigrants. They came from the Azores and Madeira, and brought with them to their new home the ability to make flowers and fruit grow in rich abundance. They are scattered all over the islands, as a rule belong to the Catholic Church, and the priests who serve them usually speak Portuguese in addition to English and Hawaiian.

Dress as well as speech place the picturesque people that pass along the streets and roadways of Hawaii. The kimona worn by the Japanese, both men and women, is seen in numbers. The Chinese costume, wide trousers and loose tunic, is a familiar sight, and worn by women as well as men. The dress of the Filipino women is marked by balloon-like sleeves that seem to float them along. Tight waists and very full skirts

are liked by the women from Korea. The long loose holoku is the garment favored by the Hawaiian woman, though women of various races make use of this cool and comfortable dress.

The flowered kimonas with their silken sashes add to the gaiety of the Hawaiian scene. The lovely colors and rich embroideries of the finer Chinese costumes give their full share to the picture. The balloon sleeves and filmy grass-cloth of the Filipinos are as tropical as the coco palms under which they walk. While the white garb worn by all nationalities rounds out the tropic picture.

The Oriental children are more picturesque even than their elders. The Japanese little ones look like Jap dolls, they are so chubby and placid, while their hair is clipped exactly like that of a Jap doll. Toddlers along in their kimonas they seem like walking-dolls rather than real children. The Chinese tots look cool and comfortable in their sensible costume. Portuguese and Hawaiian children wear very few clothes and are happy in barefoot freedom. The year long they all can go barefooted and the year long they can play out-of-doors.

Do all the races gathered in Hawaii live together in perfect peace? No more than all little birds in their nests agree. But the wonder is that the different folk get along as well as they do. There are race misunderstandings and race jealousies; but in Hawaii, as in other parts of America, two things are at work tending to bring the various races to a better understanding of one another, a better feeling toward one another. Learning to speak the same tongue, going to school together, these are helps toward the lessening of race hatreds, and the promoting of peace. The hope is with the children; who, though born of foreign parents, cannot help being influenced by the schools and teachings, the language and books of the land wherein they dwell.

II

THE SUGAR PLANTATIONS

HAWAII, with its soil, climate, water resources, and shipping facilities, is a land of riches. Lacking the gold coveted by the Spanish explorers, yet the little islands had undeveloped riches awaiting those with the seeing eye and willing hand. And in the development of the wealth that lay concealed, men of various races have brought the islands to their present place of prosperity.

But the prosperity was reached only after repeated trial and repeated failure. There were wide grazing lands, but different grasses must be tried to arrive at success in ranching. Wheat, coffee, cotton and silk culture were attempted, and one after another were given up, at least for the time being. Sugar, which was one of the native plants found here at the time of the visit of Captain Cook, was experimented with, and not always successfully. But in the course of

time both sugar and rice became valuable crops; sugar the leading crop of the land and rice having second place. To-day, however, the second crop in value is the pineapple, because of the canned product, but sugar continues still at the head.

As has been said before, it was a Chinaman who set up the first sugar-mill in the islands, a very crude affair. That was perhaps a hundred years ago. To-day, Hawaii is the most advanced sugar-producing country in the world.

Hawaii is not first in quantity of crop produced; Cuba and Java hold first and second place in the amount of production, and Hawaii comes third. Cuba leads because of the fertility of her soil, where sugar grows like a weed. Java's cheap labor is the cause of the place held by her. Hawaii does not rival Cuba in fertility of soil, or Java in cheap labor. Among the causes that have brought Hawaii to even third place, must be counted the enterprise of the men engaged in the sugar industry.

Engineers of the highest skill have charge of the systems of irrigation. The Planters Experiment Station wages warfare against insect ene-



Edgeworth

FIELDS AND MILL OF A SUGAR PLANTATION

mies and blights; experiments with varieties of cane and the cultivation thereof; studies and reports on soils, fertilization, and irrigation. Chemists and engineers of special training have control of the sugar mills. While in the harvesting and grinding of the cane, Hawaii follows the most improved methods known.

Only a small proportion of the sugar grown on the islands is refined there, most of the product leaves the islands as raw (light-brown) sugar, not the snow-white article we see on our tables. The planting and cutting of the cane, the carrying of the crop to mill, the various processes whereby the change is made from cane to sugar, these are the familiar matters to those that dwell on the islands.

All of the cane save that grown on the windward side of the island of Hawaii has to be grown by irrigation. Water has been brought from its sources on to the dry lands by the conquest of tremendous difficulties. For the needs of the plantations great systems of irrigation have been worked out. There are extensive ditch systems which bring the precious water down from distant mountain streams. There are immense

reservoirs for the storage of stream and storm waters. Great pumping plants work to carry water to higher levels. And on all the principal islands mountain tunnelling has been resorted to in the obtaining of water. In a mountain tunnel on the island of Oahu, water is collected from streams and gulches on the windward side of the island, carried by tunnel clear through a mountain, over to the thirsty lands on the leeward side. Hawaii, a very mountainous land, is marked by numberless gulches and precipices. These gulches and precipices often lie in the course of the great ditches that carry the water to the thirsty lands. Siphon-pipes have been employed to get the precious water across gulches, and series of tunnels to carry it along precipices.

Cane is planted near the sea-shore and up to elevations as high as two thousand feet above sea-level. The land is cleared, ploughed in such a way that there will be considerable ridges between the furrows, main ditches are laid out and lesser ones provided which will allow water to flow along every row of cane. Now the planter drops into the furrows the cuttings called seed-cane and usually having two joints to a piece.

pure white sugar of commerce it must be melted and boiled again and treated with chemicals.

The fine granulated sugar and the pure white lump sugar with which we are all familiar, seem in no way related to that muddy mixture referred to as one stage of the many processes in the sugar-mill. But all sugar passes through that stage, be it finally dark brown or snow white.

The stem of the sugar-cane is solid and abounds in juice. It makes an excellent substitute for candy, and the island children are as fond of a stick of sugar-cane as the average child of a stick of candy.

Sugar-cane grows luxuriantly on the four largest islands, and the broad fields of waving cane add much to the tropical beauty of the scene. The cane grows so thick as to form a jungle in which one easily could be lost. It grows also to a considerable height, from eight to twenty feet, and in the season blossoms out into feathery tassels long and of a lavender hue.

Most of the soil in which sugar-cane thrives is a dull red in color, and forms a sharp contrast with the lush green of the growing cane. To

add to the color and contrast there is usually the sea outstretching beyond the shore, while in the background there may loom a dark mountain mass. Also the sunshine may be battling with fine rain, and rainbows arch over red earth, green fields, and misty mountain valley.

The laborers in the cane fields add to the general picturesqueness and interest. As a rule they wear some sort of head covering to protect them from the sharp leaves, and among the various kinds of headgear now and then may be noted fez and turban. Japs and Portuguese, Filipinos, Porto Ricans and Koreans, an occasional Hawaiian and a sprinkling of other nationalities, one sees with hoe and with cane-knife, stripping cane and loading cane. Save for the Portuguese, very few white laborers are to be found doing manual work on the plantations. For these fields in the sub-tropics it seems necessary to employ workers used in some measure to tropical conditions.

Manager, engineers, office-force, overseers, mill-superintendent and chemist, for these places white men hold the positions, positions of much responsibility and requiring the closest attention.

It is all hard work, the plantation labor, whether done with hands, with hands and head, or with head alone. And, as was said at the beginning, men of various races have built up the sugar plantations of Hawaii.

III

MILES OF PINEAPPLES

WITH the sugar industry in Hawaii at the height of its prosperity, an experiment was made on the islands with the culture of pineapples. And in the course of time the growing and canning of the fruit became of much importance. In the present day Hawaiian pineapples are known the world over. Now housewives in general put beside their store of canned peaches, pears, cherries, etc., canned pineapple that comes to them from the far-off Hawaiian Islands.

There were half-wild pineapples growing in Hawaii, but very little attention was paid to the cultivation of the fruit until a matter of thirty years ago. Then one or two far-seeing men began experimenting with varieties from outside. A number of pineapple plants were brought in from Australia, also from Florida; and near



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MILES OF PINEAPPLES

Pearl Harbor about two hundred acres were planted to pines.

A problem at once presented itself, the problem of how to market the fruit, which ripens very quickly and should be disposed of quickly. It was decided to start canning on the islands and ship canned as well as fresh fruit. Whereupon uprose another problem, how to bring the public to a demand for canned pineapple. The last was finally worked out with great success.

The public presently was made acquainted with the existence of the Hawaiian pineapple and the excellence of its flavor. The demand for the canned fruit grew and grew. In a comparatively few years the little islands were canning pineapples at such a rate their output rose to one-half that of the canned output of all the fruits of California, the great fruit State.

The superiority of the Hawaiian pineapple is partly due to the fact that the fruit ripens out in the open, in the full sunshine, and that it is gathered at the right moment. The Hawaiian pineapple is not only large but also tender, sweet, and delicately fragrant; while the canned pineapple from the islands, canned as soon as cut,

also claims superiority. The latter is free from the toughness and stringiness of the canned pineapple of former days, while the best cane-sugar is used in the island product. The dweller in temperate lands now knows his tropical fruit almost at its best, but not quite; for to get the perfect flavor of Hawaiian pineapple, it must be fresh-cut and eaten while still warm from the fields.

In Hawaii various problems had to be met and overcome, ere a decided success was arrived at in the pineapple industry. There were insect enemies to battle with, also plant diseases; experiments to be made in soils and fertilization; efficient labor found for field and mill; the best machinery procured for field and mill; and more favorable shipping procured. This big business too, needed, and had, for its pioneer workers men of enterprise and zeal.

Sugar being such a profitable crop for the lower lands, pineapple-growing was pushed to the uplands. Pineapples are grown successfully on three of the islands, but by far the largest part on the island of Oahu (the island whereon the City of Honolulu is located). The pineapple

thrives best at an altitude of from six hundred to twelve hundred feet above sea-level. The fields are extensive, one can see pineapple rows stretching on four or five miles up into the foothills. The fields are kept free of weeds and present a trim appearance. After three crops have been harvested, the plants are uprooted and the land is planted with legumes, pod-plants, which restore life to the soil.

The pineapple is a hardy fruit, well protected by its thick armor from birds, also well adapted for shipping. Some of the largest Hawaiian pineapples weigh twelve pounds and over. But large or small the "Hawaiian pines" are delicious, both large and small being very juicy and with less of a tang than marked the fruit of the earlier import of temperate lands. While there are special seasons for harvesting, the fresh fruit is to be had in Hawaii the year round.

Between the planting and the gathering of the first crop, there will be a lapse of time of from eighteen months to two years. The second crop, from ratoons and suckers, comes more quickly, in about twelve months. A third crop is obtained in the fourth year. Then, as was said,

the plants are usually uprooted and the field given a chance to recover by the use of another crop.

The fruit of the pineapple grows atop a thick stem in a nest of stiff and sometimes sharp-edged leaves. The fruit is itself crowned by a little bunch of stiff leaves, and this crown comes into use for new plantings. The pineapple fields are renewed by the planting of slips, suckers, and crowns from the parent plant.

The pineapple, either canned or fresh, is now familiar in lands far removed from the country wherein it grew. But in spite of the general use of the pineapple, there continues no small ignorance in regard to its manner of growth and cultivation. Because of this ignorance on the part of many who visit Hawaii, a favorite joke with the native is to point to a certain tree and tell the newcomer that this is the "pine-apple tree." While as a matter of fact pineapples grow low on the ground, rise little higher therefrom than does the humble cabbage. But numbers of trusting strangers look up at the tree pointed out by the native—in reality the screw-pine—and there amid the sword-like leaves make out some curious

sort of bulging fruit, as seen from a distance not unlike the pineapple. Immediately, however, the strangers will be laughed at for their ignorance, and advised to keep their eyes on the ground hereafter rather than aloft when looking for pineapples.

In travelling about the islands one will see great fields of the low, cactus-like plants, in places can look upon those rows of pineapples that stretch on and on for miles. On table-land and climbing slope these plantations are to be found, the pineapple now growing where cattle once grazed. And the traveller will find pineapple field, as well as cane-field, highly picturesque and interesting. The gray-green plants grow close one to another, and the straight rows stretching into the distance lead the eye far.

Oriental and Portuguese labor on the pineapple plantations, under the direction of white overseers who have had training in agriculture. They begin work early, about six in the morning, and stop at four or five in the afternoon. From the first of July till the middle of September, and from November to March, gangs of men carrying gunny sacks and armed with knives go up

and down the long rows, cutting off the fruit, gathering it, and emptying it into boxes. Auto truck or mule-wagon carries it to the railroad loading-place, and by railroad it is at once taken to the packing-house.

In the cannery the paring and coring of the pineapple is done by machinery. Then the fruit is passed to women and girl workers who cut out any deep eyes that may have been missed by the machine. The slicing is done by machinery, after which the whole slices are packed in tins, and the broken pieces put by themselves. Trays of filled cans are conveyed to the syruping machines, where there is added a syrup made of pineapple juice and cane-sugar. Then the cans are taken to a steam-cooker and here sterilized. Next the cans are capped. They then pass through a second cooking machine, after this go to a cooling room and are flushed with water. Last, a preparation is applied for the preservation of the tin, and now they are ready for storage in the warehouse, whence they will be shipped to far ports.

IV

FIFTY VARIETIES OF BANANAS

IT is no exaggeration to speak of fifty varieties of bananas as one of the features of Hawaii. The banana thrives in Hawaii and there are many native varieties.

The banana was found growing on the islands by the very earliest settlers, those first brave adventurers who came to Hawaii from islands far distant. In early days the plant flourished in the mountains, now is to be found growing wild along streams and in the mountain forests throughout the group. The natives name over twenty-five varieties of wild bananas alone; and no small part of the beauty of an Hawaiian forest is the abundant growth therein of the long-leaved, tropical-looking banana tree.

The writer once was member of a party that followed a native guide as he made a path on a pathless mountain side. That whole work of climbing was a hard one, and nothing stopped

our party's progress more than the thick banana trunks that made a perfect jungle in one area. The sturdy guide with his curved cane-knife cut down tree after tree to allow us to pass. And there was such an abundance of these that we felt no guilt as we saw the banana trunks lying prone, the crown of great leaves low in the moist earth.

In many gardens of Hawaii the banana is cultivated because of its decorative character. To be sure, the constant winds do whip and tear the long leaves sadly, but when sufficiently sheltered the tree is truly handsome. The broad, glossy bright green leaves are very long and, palm-fashion, crown an unbranching "trunk." (The banana trunk is really a mass of leaf-sheaths.) The flower, too, adds to the interest of the plant as a garden feature. It comes as a purple-red spike that, as it grows, curves downward. The spike in reality is made up of groups of flowers, the upper clusters of which will presently develop into clusters of fruit. Each cluster of fruit is called a "hand," a "hand" being the cluster of bananas growing about the same level along the stem. Each "hand" contains from ten to twenty-five "fingers." A



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IN A BANANA PLANTATION
Showing a method of irrigation.

bunch of bananas with less than six hands is not easy to market, and the standard size is nine hands. In some lands a bunch has been found with as many as twenty-two "hands" and more than three hundred "fingers," the whole weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. But this is very rare.

Various bananas that are favorites in Hawaii will not stand shipping. Those exported must be those that will carry well. The one called the Chinese banana was for many years the chief export banana; this faithful fruit being well flavored, bearing large bunches, and keeping well. Also it ripens at all seasons, and has been a most dependable fruit for shipping. But it now has rivals in the field, and there are other varieties exported from Hawaii.

Dwellers in Hawaii are very fond of the Brazilian banana, which has a slightly-acid flavor; also of the apple banana, which really has an apple-flavor; while some count as prime favorite the so-called "ice-cream" banana, a fruit sweet to the taste and somewhat mushy.

And the natives have special favorites among the bananas that grow wild, on trips to the moun-

tains eagerly search out their choice amid the wide number of native varieties. One kind, small with a salmon-colored flesh, is very starchy. There are sweet-scented wild bananas, there is one known as the rose, one that is variegated both as to leaf and fruit, one with stripes of red and green, and one marked by a black "trunk." For each of the wild varieties there is a native name; and some of the Hawaiians of to-day when wandering in the mountains still can give to the varieties come upon the descriptive names bestowed upon them by the natives of long ago.

If one were lost in a mountain forest of Hawaii, one need not be troubled as to the question of food and drink. With a wealth of bananas and an abundance of water, one need not starve or suffer from thirst. And many a wanderer who has lost his way in the mountain jungles has been grateful for that life-giving bunch aloft amid the long drooping leaves.

There is an island in the South Seas where bananas are the only food the natives have in addition to fish. But these bananas are plantains, or cooking-bananas, very starchy, highly

nutritious. And it is reported that the natives who live thereon look well-fed.

Bananas are one of the best of fruits. They should, however, be eaten only when thoroughly ripe, as the partly-raw fruit is hard to digest. In fruit really ripe the skin will have begun to darken. There are many varieties in Hawaii that are called cooking bananas; some that can be eaten either raw or cooked, others that are edible only when cooked. One cooking banana has a large fleshy fruit, and the skin is red or reddish-brown in color. In Hawaii, both baked and fried bananas are in high favor, also the steamed fruit. Bananas, raw or cooked, have been a favorite food with the natives for a very long time, and the excellent flavor of the Hawaiian cooking bananas should be known beyond the islands.

Cultivated bananas are never allowed to ripen on the tree, not even when intended for home use. To insure the finest flavor they are cut green, for the banana is one of the few fruits that reaches perfection after being severed from tree or plant. In Hawaii when a banana bunch is cut off from

the tree, it is, if for home use, hung on a veranda or some place where it will be exposed to light on all sides and where there is a free circulation of air. The writer once dwelt for a year on a sugar-plantation where there was grown, on land set apart for the home-garden, fourteen kinds of bananas. Always a bunch or two hung on the back veranda, and every passing breeze brought to the stranger from "The States" a tempting whiff of the ripening fruit.

Bananas intended for commercial use are picked very green and allowed to ripen very slowly. Hawaiian bananas are shipped to San Francisco wrapped first in a layer of soft paper, then are padded with rice straw, then are given a last covering of banana leaves or fibre, the whole being tightly bound with hemp or cord.

In the journey from plantation to final ripening room, the green fruit has to be watched and handled with the greatest care. The temperature must be neither too cold nor too hot—for in the process of reaching maturity, in the process of respiration, the fruit generates much heat of itself; and refrigerating machinery is needed to keep it cool. Ventilation, too, is of utmost

importance, the air must be purified while the fruit is in transit and all the while it is ripening. Too, all handling must be done with great care, and there is a rigid inspection of the fruit as it passes from dealer to dealer. In the ripening rooms, important matters to consider are circulation of air, temperature and humidity. If all these points are attended to, the reward will be fruit of finest flavor and full size.

The life of the banana tree is usually but a year and a half; in that time it has done its work, produced fruit and sent up its shoots. It then falls down or is cut down and the shoots begin their cycle. They are usually transplanted, but when let alone send up a colony of young plants that make a very ornamental group. The trees grow wonderfully tall for the short time they have to live, sometimes to a height of forty feet; and with those very long, broad, thick leaves add their share to the tropical picturesqueness of the land wherein they grow.

The banana adds picturesqueness to Hawaii, but does not add much in the way of wealth; for Central American grown bananas provide the greater part of the large supply used in the

United States. To-day in temperate lands bananas are among the best known of tropical fruits. Many years ago a schooner brought to the United States a trial lot of thirty bunches. Ten years later a whole cargo of bananas came. Presently there came to Boston regular shipments of the fruit. In the late sixties, shipments entered the port of New Orleans from the Bay Islands off the coast of Spanish Honduras. The first exportation from Hawaii was as early as 1864, an item that should not be forgotten in the story of the banana.

Both soil and climate in Hawaii are well adapted to the cultivation of the banana. Too, the plant suffers here very little from disease or insect enemy, and here tornadoes do not work the havoc with the plantations that is the story elsewhere. With all these favorable conditions, and with regular fruit boats added to the steamship service, perhaps some day the outside world will become acquainted with several of Hawaii's fifty varieties of bananas.

V

CHRISTMAS IN HAWAII

THE newcomer is very apt to think that Christmas is the Fourth of July. Up above there's a bright sun shining, underneath green grass waving, flowers blowing; and all about is the firecracker with small boy attached. Pop, pop goes the little cracker; boom, boom goes the cannon; from midnight of December twenty-fourth to midnight of December twenty-fifth.

Perhaps the Chinese are responsible for the outrageous noise. Chinese for years have dwelt in the islands, and they have brought there many of the customs of their home land. And the Chinese, you know, during their New Year holidays send off myriads of crackers in the hope that these will, for the coming year, frighten away the bad spirits.

We think that good spirits, rather than bad, hold sway at Christmas time; for which reason the popping of firecrackers then, seems doubly

out of place to us of the North; though in many parts of the South the noisy Christmas prevails. But the Hawaiians associate holiday-making with the free use of firecrackers, look upon it that the flash and popping of these bits of fireworks is another way of calling out "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

In America it is the patriotic firecracker; in Hawaii the firecracker is gay and festive rather than patriotic. Mingled with the snap, sputter and fizz of the cracker is the singing of the minstrels, who are abroad from midnight of Christmas Eve practically till the following midnight. The minstrels stop under your window to lift their voices in song; also to receive what of Christmas largess you may have to bestow. Perhaps you will shower them with the sweet little native oranges, which at this season are at their best, and a stock of which it is well to have on hand at Christmas time. But candy is always welcome, for the Hawaiian has a sweet tooth.

At Christmas the true Hawaiian will feast on roast pig and poi, and feel confident that his is the choicest food to be had. Bread-fruit may also grace his board, and perhaps the devilfish,

too, will have place in the Christmas fare. And there will be plenty of limu, sea-weed. And if you should look upon the above food as outlandish, I assure you it will matter little to the native; for he finds it more to his liking than your roast goose and plum-pudding.

Wreaths of fresh ferns and fresh flowers are strewn about lavishly at feasts at the Christmas season, also are worn freely on shoulders and around hats. Everyone sports a posy, no native is too old to proclaim in this manner that the gay Christmas season is now here. A gray-haired old man may be seen with bright red carnations enwreathing his hat of braided coconut leaf. A barefoot woman may sport a wreath of roses. And many will wear long garlands of green maile, the myrtle-like mountain vine dear to the heart of the native because of its glossy leaves and heavy odor.

There is in evidence here a green that warms the heart of those from "The States," a green that perhaps brings a homesick pang to those from "The States." This is the trailing ever-green known in America as the "mouse-foot," and in Hawaii called the waiwaiole (rat's-foot).

This green, too, is brought down from the mountain forests of Hawaii, though in odor and appearance it seems to belong rather to the north than to the tropics. But those that know its haunts find it growing in abundance here, this spicy, Christmasy evergreen.

Decorating for Christmas is a pleasant task either in frosty or tropic land. And the task is doubly pleasant if one gathers the greenery oneself. The writer well remembers the keen joy of the trips taken into the mountain forests of Hawaii in search of greens for the Christmas holidays. Our horses climbed through grass knee-deep, then on up rocky hillsides, by and by coming to wooded ascents. Now deep into the forest we plunged. Here we came upon lush ferns taller than ourselves; upon yards and yards of the fragrant maile; an abundance of mouse-foot; upon great bird's-nest ferns hanging high in the trees above; found also high up that interesting climbing shrub called by the natives the ieie, very fine for decoration with its sharply-pointed, bright green leaves and exotic blossoms.

When the pleasant work of gathering was done we would stand still awhile to look about

and to fill our lungs with the spicy mountain air. How blue the sky over the tops of the lehua and pandanus trees. How still the forest. How soft and cool the trade-wind to flushed cheeks. What a rich harvest lay at our feet. On the homeward journey each rider was decorated with long garlands, the gunny-sacks slapping the horses' sides bulged with greens, while our arms and hands were so laden we scarce could hold the reins.

We hung up the Christmas wreaths, but outside the world was so summery that we scarcely needed them. Christmas Day we tried to sit indoors and enjoy the spoil we had brought from the mountains, but the day was too tempting to spend inside. We drove through the streets and found the people strolling about in Sunday garb. Singing to the accompaniment of guitar or ukulele was heard from groups of natives sitting under mango trees in many a shady lane. We drove to the beach and found people at play in the water. Over in the park a white-robed girl sat at ease in the arms of a big banian, her companions lying about in the soft moss-like grass that carpets the ground there.

Can this be Christmas—sweet as May,
With drowsy sun and dreaming air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow everywhere?

The Hawaiians' medley of a Christmas is made up from the observance of the day of various peoples. There are many Portuguese in the islands, and these folk from Madeira and the Azores have kept no few of their customs in their new home. Gay clothes, presents of flowers and sweets, feasting with friends, attendance at church, tinsel gifts, all these mark the Portuguese Christmas. And nowhere is Christmas more gayly observed than in the Portuguese quarters.

In Hawaii, good St. Nicholas goes about from island to island. He cannot, however, come down chimneys here, because there are no chimneys to come down. But he manages to get into the houses, and scatter widely the gifts from his pack. He visits the isolated valley, walled in by mountains and shut in by sea, and enters the grass hut of the native fisherman. He halts at the lowly ranch-house high up on the mountain side. He crosses the broad veranda of

the planter's home. Quite a task he finds it when he reaches the little cottage of the Portuguese laborer, for here are collected the most children, the biggest families. But the old fellow carries a generous pack here to make his gifts go round.

To the native children he does not give mittens, shoes or skates, but plenty of sweets, plenty of good things to eat. He does not give a muff or a fur collar to the native woman, but a gay holoku, a palm or fern-leaf hat, a string of shells, a brooch made of a polished shark's tooth, a bamboo fan, a string of candle-tree nuts.

There is one thing about Christmas in Hawaii that is like Christmas everywhere—the joy of the children. There are the little Hawaiian girls, dressed only in cotton slips, legs and feet bare, hugging tight their brand-new dolls. The moon-faced Chinese children stand about the wonderful tree their white friends have trimmed for them, and with pleasant calm accept of the striped candy and the pop-corn balls. The Jap little ones laugh softly and smile sweetly as their portion of goodies is bestowed. Filipinos and Porto Ricans reach out eager hands for their

share. The shrill happy voices of the white youngsters fill the air. In Hawaii, Christmas, Children's Day, has full swing.

The Christmas tree blooms for the children of all the races gathered here, for all the little ones in the land. The fruit falls into the laps of Marie, Lang Moy, Sumi and Leilani, as well as into those of Mary, Ethel, Dagmar and Gretchen.

Oriental little ones are not left out, whatever the religion of their parents. Kindergarten and church doors open wide for the wearer of the braids and the trousers, the wearer of the fringe and the kimona. Very pretty, very charming are these living dolls, decked out more gayly for the day than any of their brothers or sisters of other races. Into the braids of the Chinese girls are woven gay pink silk threads; into the garments are woven all the colors of Joseph's coat; on the feet are put embroidered holiday shoes. The little body of the Jap child is fresh and clean; the uncovered head very smooth; the kimona as flowery, but no more so, than the face above it. Surely the grim-faced Chinese fathers, the untrusting hearts of the Japanese,

must be touched by the kindness showered on the small Orientals; they must have some slight respect for the strange God whose birth his followers celebrate by kindness to little children.

VI

COASTING WITHOUT SNOW

THE Hawaiians do not have snow in their land save on the tops of the highest mountains, therefore do not have sleds like the ones used in cold countries. When they wish to go out coasting they take the stump of a banana tree, or a smooth board, or a bunch of ti leaves (which are long and thick and tough), or some other native coaster, go to a steep hill with slippery grass on the side, and down they dash at a speed not inferior to the toboggan slide in far-off Canada.

Sometimes two or three sit on the thick part of a sisal stem, the one in front holding the pointed end toward him, and swiftly they glide down the steep hillside.

When a banana bunch is ripe, or at least ready to be removed, the tree is cut down, the leaves stripped off, also the dry part of the stump; then the inside of the stump, which is slippery, may be taken to the top of a hill, and holiday makers,

both grown-ups and children, will glide down on the smooth trunk at great speed. Sometimes two or three ride together, and always the banana stains the clothes badly.

A coconut sheaf makes a good sled for coasting on a grassy hill; and the sheaf of the royal palm yields a ready-made sled, on a slippery hillside proves the finest of fliers.

Ti grows in the mountains and is a shrub bearing clusters of long, strong leaves that serve the Hawaiian for many purposes. A bunch of them makes a favorite sled of the country and can be used several times before the leaves get impossibly ragged. Then another bunch is broken off, taken to the top of a grassy hill, and down the coaster goes with the speed of the wind from the mountain.

The boys gather bulrushes and the girls arrange them in bundles big enough for two or three to ride on at a time. When the bundles are the size desired, they are tied securely and the bulrush sleds are carried to the top of a high hill. The children place one bundle behind another, sometimes five or six in a string. The word is given to let go, and down the grassy precipice

the headlong start is made, the dizzy journey pursued. True sport this is, and keenly enjoyed by true sportsmen.

In Hawaii, sugar-cane is sometimes carried from higher land to a lower level by means of flumes, man-made channels. Sometimes the flowing water in the wooden channel is close to the ground, sometimes it is aloft on high trestles. Which latter condition makes riding in a flume exciting, not to say dangerous.

The native children laboriously climb mountain sides to cut the wild grass, but when they come down some of them make sport of the return by a ride in the plantation flume. When they have their bags full of grass they start for the flume at a point where the water flows very swiftly. Each person puts his bag into the water, and holding it tight (so it will not get away) jumps upon it. Now quick as a flash the party travel downward, going so fast they can scarcely make out what they pass by. At the very first a timid member of the party may feel dizzy, but after awhile will not mind the speed of the water or the height of the flume, will greatly enjoy the excitement and the fun of it. The

water from the flume empties into a large pond, and before long the children find themselves sailing on the pond; to the flume the five miles from the mountain may have been made in ten minutes.

There is a place off the island of Hawaii where a huge reef is covered with sea-moss, and here on hot days the natives have great fun sliding on the slippery stuff, which feels as clean and smooth as a wet surf-board. Often five or six lie on the moss in a row, waiting for a big wave to come and send them shoreward.

Surf-riding in the outrigger-canoe is a sport that even the inexperienced stranger tries, always, though, under the protection of the native boat-boys, as much at home in the water as on land. The natives paddle the canoe out not far from the reef, take note of the oncoming waves; and, as a rule, skilfully start their canoe shoreward at just the right second to be borne in by the breakers. But sometimes the canoe is drawn into the trough of the waves, and boat-boys and passengers all get a ducking. Whereat the natives but laugh and shout, and coolly go to the rescue of the frightened strangers. And

very few, if any, lives are lost in this sport dear to the Hawaiian.

But riding the surf-board is the best sport of all, and a sport enjoyed by Hawaiians of varying ages and classes. It is a form of play that for generations has been enjoyed by the islanders, and the hero-tales recite exploits showing the skill and daring of far-famed surf-riders. For the sport a light board is used, a board about eight feet in length and a foot and a half across. With this the rider swims out to sea, to the last line of breakers, diving under what rollers he may meet. Now lying flat on the board he balances upon the forward slope of the highest breaker, then speeds landward on the wings of the waves. Or the surf-rider may rise to a standing position, and thus keep his balance while rushing shoreward.

The Outrigger Club in Honolulu has done much to encourage the sport of surf-board riding. Surfing contests are held at the beach at Waikiki, and many white boys rival the natives in the mastery of the art of riding the surf. While the Hawaiians of to-day are taking renewed interest in this sport loved by their ancestors. Occasion-



A FAMILIAR SIGHT

Hawaiian surf-board riders speeding shoreward at Waikiki.

ally you may see a big native man standing on his surf-board with a small boy balanced on his shoulders, the two racing landward before great rollers.

Coasting the breakers whether in outrigger-canoe or on the surf-board, is a form of sport that gives those taking part therein fully as much exhilaration as the winter coasting of the ones who make use of snowy hill or icy toboggan slide. Skill and fearlessness both are needed in surf-riding, and ever the onlookers watch with admiration the lithe, alert figures of the Hawaiians as they dash over and through the foaming water in their race to shore.

The Hawaiian surf-board rider has splendidly served as model for a famous artist, who, with his bronze figure of a native boy balancing on a tipping board as it dashes through foam and sea-green waves, has given a picture of Hawaii typical as well as spirited.

The froth of the sea I ride!

Though angry breakers would lower my pride,
I laugh at them, flout at them, shout at them.

Dare them to down me, me of Hawaii,

Child of the sun and the sea!

VII

CHILD LIFE IN HAWAII

HAPPY island children, warmed through and through by the constant sun, caressed by the boisterous yet kindly trade-wind, made joyous by sun and wind and flaunting flower!

Hawaii is an ideal land for children, for there is outdoor play for them the year through. And the year long they can go barefoot if they like—and their parents allow. In vacation time, at least, many parents do allow this; island children, both rich and poor, as a rule are permitted to go shoeless then at least part of the day. And this barefoot freedom is one of the many joys of childhood in that sunny land.

The bare feet and light clothing, added to the year-round outdoor life, the active outdoor exercise, help to build up for the children a ruggedness and sturdiness that stand them in good stead in later life. Island boys and girls when grown

up and sent away to school take their place in sports and athletics generally. Also they meet the unaccustomed winters surprisingly well, and even in winter are slow to burden themselves with heavy clothing.

You must not think because Hawaii is in the sub-tropics that her children are listless and indolent. On the contrary they are very lively and active. On every hand there are invitations to come forth and play, to be astir early and keep going the day long. There are mountain trips without number that tempt. There is ever the sea, with its bathing, canoeing, surfing, fishing, and the myriad creatures of the water. There is land-shell hunting, a hunt not every land can offer. There are wonders of nature that outsiders journey from the uttermost parts of the world to see; and which, of course, every island child has heard about from infancy, and is eager to look upon for himself or herself. And in addition to the wonders, there are the beauties of nature on every hand to invite a responsive child to walk abroad with nature.

And Nature the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,

Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee!"

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

Nature is indeed the old nurse that leads many of the fortunate children of Hawaii through their early years. She leads poor and rich alike; for both, save the hapless ones in the overcrowded quarters of the tenements of town, have the chance to get acquainted with the green earth, and the blue, blue sea. Poor and rich follow the mountain trails, dive from high rocks down into mountain pools, gather the white-fleshed mountain apples and the salmon-fleshed guavas. Rich and poor carry back from their mountain excursions store of fruit and of greenery and of happiness. While the great sea spreads out invitation to all; and though selfish men do fence in more than their share of shore, yet there remain stretches of beach open to all, the sea cannot be wholly shut off from the people.

The beach in Honolulu is a wonderful play-

ground for little folks. In addition to the private seaside homes, there are public bathing-places where the youngsters gather for idle frolicking or sturdy struggling in the waves. There are children that go in bathing practically every day, becoming as much at home in the water as on land. The writer knew a little girl in Hawaii who, when only two and a half years old, lost her water wings one morning and finding herself able to keep afloat without them from that time on was able to swim. By the time she was six she was an expert swimmer; used the Australian crawl, sometimes employed the side stroke, again proceeded dog-fashion, could dive and float. And she was a white child, one not born in the islands.

Until motor cars and motor cycles made horseback travel both unpleasant and dangerous, riding was one of the chief joys of childhood in Hawaii. A child learned to ride about as early as it learned to swim; was put astride a horse when its legs were too short to reach down to the stirrups, no matter how much they pulled up the straps. And this early practice made fine riders of the island boys and girls. Both in endurance

and skill in dealing with the horse, they ranked high.

There is still some riding in country places and up the mountain trails, but not nearly so much as formerly. Now hiking parties are the rule; the horse has a rest from clambering up the steep ascents and from picking its way along narrow ridges. In the day of the horse, mountain trips demanded energy and pluck; and to-day without the horse a double store is needed of energy and pluck. But youth is equal to it, and mountain parties continue in fashion.

Each locality has its favorite haunts and well-worn trails. And the trails must be kept to, for it is an easy matter to get lost in the mountains, which usually means also in the forest. Trees and a riot of growing things hide steep precipices, one misstep may cause a fall to a depth from which there will be no return. But the children of Hawaii well know the dangers of forsaking the mountain trail, it is generally the newcomer who gets himself lost.

Following the trails themselves is usually hard enough work, and hot enough work. However,

stream and pool are not wanting to give refreshment, and no better nooning can be had than beside a mountain pool in an Hawaiian forest. Often the pool is surrounded by wild ginger in fragrant bloom, waterfalls cascade from above, and there are rocks at different heights from which to make high-dive and low-dive down into the basin below. A big part of the fun of a trip to the forest is the bathing and diving in the forest pool. Following the plunge there will be a tramper's snack of hard-tack and sweet chocolate, then a search made for fruit to give flavor to the simple fare. After which on with the business of the day.

Land-shell hunting may be the business with some, especially those with a taste for collecting. Land-shells grow on the leaves and barks of trees in the mountains, sometimes in the steepest and most inaccessible places. In this hunt one must stray from trails and push through forest jungle. Slow, patient searching it takes, and for the untrained eye it is almost impossible to make out the shells at first; the woods are so dark and the shells are so like the leaf or bark to which

they cling. He or she is lucky who returns home from a trip with a bag containing fifty of the little spirals.

Boys who are good woodsmen and know the land-shell regions, gather in time collections of considerable value. Not only will sharp eyes find the land-snails on leaf and bark of tree, but also on bushes, on dead leaves, on the ground, on grass and on rocks, and in mountain waters. Even a small collection means many a day's rough tramp into deep valley and along steep ridge. And after the task of search is ended, then there is the even harder task of classifying the treasure; for there are hundreds of varieties, and the differences often are so fine as to be hardly noticeable. The boy collectors sometimes keep their collections for themselves, sometimes sell them to tourist or scientist.

For children the life of plantation is of continual interest, be the child from family of plantation laborer or plantation manager. The watering of the fields, the many nationalities at work therein, the jungles of growing cane or the long rows of tufted pineapples, the harvesting of cane and fruit, all these appeal to eager eyes and

unfolding minds. And the life of the ranch, the cowboy skill and cowboy tricks, these, too, are of active interest. But perhaps of all the industries none more closely concerns the native child than that of fishing. Because here he is of importance, here he is more than a watcher.

For the native children are of much help in fishing. They know the streams and the shore waters as well as their elders do. They know the habits and the haunts of various creatures of the sea. They know that at full moon the "moonlight fish" will come, and that the hour to catch these is when the moon is well up in the sky. They go crabbing, too, by moonlight, and by moonlight do considerable fishing. On dark nights children and elders make use of the torchlight. And the native children know that when the tide is low is a good time to fish for the squid or devil fish; and both girls and boys are expert in catching squid.

You see it is not a lazy life led by the children out there in these particular low latitudes. Their life is active, healthful, and full of interest.

VII

THE RAINBOW-COLORED FISHES OF HAWAII

WHEN the United States Fish Commission made a study of the waters about Hawaii, they described over nine-hundred species of fish. Among these were many game-fish: giant sword-fish; the leaping tuna; and the ocean bonito, the latter sometimes called the humming-bird of fishes, being beautifully vari-colored as well as quick-darting. And the latter swim about in large schools, hundreds of them together. The dolphin, too, beautifully colored, is plentiful in Hawaiian waters; also the fast-swimming, rainbow-hued frigate mackerel. Of vividly colored small fish there are myriads, and their forms are as diverse as their colors. Since Hawaiian fish are noted for their odd forms as well as for their vivid coloring.

While the beauty of the deep-sea fish can be seen by few, those that abound about the reefs can easily be seen and studied.

Fishing is done to-day in Hawaii from outrigger-canoes, sampans, row-boats, and whale-boats. But a good deal of fishing is done with the hands; and in this the native women and children, as well as the native men, are experts.

The natives, not at all afraid of getting wet, wade about in the water hours at a time. They crouch down in shallow places and feel around amid the coral and lava rocks for crabs and shrimps. Or in deeper water a native will dive down into some haunt he knows, reach into hole or under the rocks and bring forth a prize, which he then will store in a bag kept tied about the waist. If the diver is after the octopus or devil-fish, he pokes around the holes and rocks with a stick. When touched, the octopus will seize the stick and will be drawn to the surface. Here the fisherman seizes the prey with his hands, and kills it by biting into its head. Sea-slugs and sea-eggs are taken by hand. While in the fresh-water streams and taro patches the women frequently catch gold-fish with their hands.

In the Honolulu Aquarium are to be seen hundreds of specimens of fish gathered from the near-by coral reefs. The beautiful and the

strange creatures here on view are of the rarest interest yet popularly little is known of the Honolulu Aquarium beyond Hawaii. It is one of the few marine aquaria of the world and well worthy of fame. One visitor speaks of it as an "Arabian Nights wonder of an Aquarium exhibiting great ugly sharks and hideous squid that offer strongest contrast to graceful small fishes tinted like unto the rainbow arch before the mountain."

The Honolulu Aquarium was built by a public-spirited citizen on land given by another generous citizen, and for years was kept up by the Honolulu Rapid Transit Company. Recently the Aquarium has been taken over by the Territory of Hawaii and placed under the management of the University of Hawaii. A marine biological laboratory is being established in connection with the Aquarium, and ere long the world at large will know more of the marine life here to be studied and viewed.

The Honolulu Aquarium, housed in an interesting structure built of lava rock, is located at Waikiki beach. The central part is circular in form, and there is a single open pool. From

the central portion radiate three corridors containing glass-fronted tanks. Other marine aquaria are much larger and more famous, but none is more immediately interesting. For here is to be seen the best display of tropical fishes offered anywhere in the world.

Entering the Honolulu Aquarium you find yourself in a world far removed from the everyday and commonplace, you find yourself in a fairyland of color, of color ever changing, ever darting to and fro, up and down.

The shore fish of Hawaii are all tropical, and to those from temperate lands the depth of color of the fish seen in the Honolulu Aquarium is exotic in the extreme. As you wander about and gaze upon the display of tropical marine life, you cry out, "What fish is that, and that, and that?" And the Hawaiian names given you in reply will be as strange to your ears as are the creatures to your sight.

In visiting the Aquarium in Honolulu one feels as though in an aviary; for all the brilliant creatures darting here and there appear rather softly plumaged than scaly. And the coloring is very similar to that of our greatly admired

birds. There are fishes of the same vividness as the scarlet tanager; others orange, black, and white like the Baltimore oriole; one with the same color scheme as the wild canary; and one a veritable bluebird.

All the shades of blue are here, from palest turquoise to deepest indigo. Peacock blues and greens are popular, but no more so than the quiet tones. There are combinations of green and orange, of blue and orange, turquoise and salmon pink, peacock blue and canary yellow, olive green with yellow and peacock blue; and there are soft harmonies of pink and silver and dove gray, of brown, yellow and black, various shades of gray, a London smoke, opaline edged with lavender, and ghostly looking large fish with their silvery dress unspoiled by any touch of color. Perhaps to bring out strong contrast, one tank shows a sizable dull gray fish and a covey of small bright red fish with black eyes that have bluish bands pencilled above.

A tank of opaline and silvery fish is varied by the presence of finny creatures whose coloring and depth of "plumage" remind one of the indigo bunting. A tank containing two great sea

turtles, has as third occupant a fish of lemon yellow and turquoise blue with eyes of vivid peacock blue. Small fish, gray-blue with black bands, dart up and down about an ugly eel. Many toad-fishes, looking like irregular pieces broken off from the large rocks in the center of the tank, dot the sand at the bottom, with lively swimmers weaving here and there above them. Elsewhere, a lizard-fish, suggestive of a tiny crocodile, burrows in the sand and can scarce be distinguished from it. Another compartment has black sea-urchins sticking to the wall, in another there are red-spined sea-urchins.

There are interesting tanks of boldly striped fish, and of vividly spotted ones. The convict fish has brown stripes on white. There are yellow fishes with heavy diagonal black bands, blue ones with black bands, and a whole tank of bright red ones striped with white, looking like very animated sticks of candy. Near by swim changeable red-and-green fellows polka-dotted with white.

Variation in size sometimes ranges from that of a baby mullet—about as large as a little finger—to a fourteen-foot shark. The eels sometimes

measure five feet in length, and the squid or devilfish six feet in diameter. The shapes are as odd as the colors are brilliant, varying from the serpentine eel to the creature as broad as it is long. There are several trigger-fish, these having a dorsal fin that cannot be pushed down without releasing a trigger on the back. There is the surgeon-fish, and there is a fish with a horn on its head. Sometimes distinctive features and rainbow coloring occur together. The varicolored trigger-fish has the under part white, the sides dove-gray and cinnamon-brown edged with a yellow shading into olive green, yellow ochre eyelids, and yellow ochre laid on carelessly from the mouth half-way down the body; just above the mouth a band of sky-blue, and pastel-blue lines from the eyes down the sides. An even more wonderful creature is a smallish thing of canary-yellow, snow-white, and darkest brown, with a long plume trailing at the back.

Most of the above fish are edible and are offered for sale in the market in Honolulu; but the idea of eating them seems to the stranger very like looking upon the Baltimore oriole or scarlet tanager as food. The fish are caught

beyond the reef; when an unusually fine specimen shows in the net the Hawaiian or Japanese fisherman hoists a flag and the Aquarium boat goes out to get the prize.

VIII

THE HAWAIIAN LEI

LEIS, garlands, have long been a feature of island life. In Hawaii the lei ¹ has been as much a part of the life of the native as his music. Every holiday, for every feast, on the arrival and the departure of friends, all these called for the making and wearing of green or of flowery wreath. And no tale of Hawaii would be complete without some word concerning the garland dear to generations of Hawaiians.

It seems a pity that now tissue-paper leis are to the fore and that the natural garlands are becoming less common. Ere they vanish altogether, let us have a glimpse of the fresh flowers once used so freely that the poorest barefoot native trudging in the dust of street and road might be seen wearing about his tattered hat a wreath of carnations, or over the shoulders of his faded shirt a lei of roses.

Among exquisite leis remembered by the

¹ Pronounced "lay."



Photo by Gurrey

HAWAIIAN GIRL WITH LEI

writer were delicate ones made of the small rose-colored blossoms of the four-o'clock; heavily fragrant ones of waxy stephanotis, or of the Chinese violet, the latter a small greenish flower; and, perhaps best of all, one of sweet violets and maiden-hair fern. Another lei still fresh in memory, and at the time of presentation beautifully fresh in itself, consisted of one hundred and twenty-five chrysanthemums. The chrysanthemums, to be sure, were of modest size, though much larger than the button variety. A hundred white and purple asters, used with their leaves, formed another memorable and beautiful Hawaiian lei.

Perhaps the most popular lei was the long one made of a hundred carnations, each flower a fresh and perfect blossom. Each blossom would be flattened delicately by the careful lei-maker to make it big and fringy; then, a posy at a time, the stemless flowers were strung on a pliable fibre or thread by the skilful native fingers. These leis might be of red carnations wholly, or of white with little sprays of maiden-hair fern here and there, or all a lovely pink. Thrown over the shoulders these long leis reached far below the

waist, and made an adornment of rare beauty and of spicy fragrance.

The tissue-paper leis have been introduced so travellers can carry home with them leis that will not fade. Also for the reason that from a thin yellow tissue paper the artful native is able to create a perfect copy of one of his favorite flowers, the flower called the ilima and often spoken of as the national flower of Hawaii. Because of the color, in former days it was a flower much favored by royalty; for in Hawaii yellow, rather than purple, was the sign of lofty rank. The ilima grows on a low shrub, the flower is small and single and the texture delicate. In making a lei therefrom the natives string one thin-petalled blossom close upon another, and the completed wreath is very like a garland fashioned of so many small circles of yellow tissue paper. And when the natives found they could sell their tissue-paper leis readily, they decided to do the easiest thing; go to a convenient shop and buy tissue paper rather than search the uplands and bother to gather the fresh flowers.

Those who love the poetry and beauty of the

Hawaiian lei, greatly regret the artificial wreath that is trying to take its place. It was the freshness and fragrance of the blossoms that constituted much of the charm of the Hawaiian lei; not merely the color and the skilful arrangement of the blossoms. Both color and skilful touch are found in the paper copies of to-day, but they are poor, inferior things compared to true Hawaiian leis.

The real Hawaiian lei-maker is an honest, a generous soul. She throws aside all blossoms that fail to please her eye. She handles her flowers lovingly and delicately, for the tapering fingers of the native have an unusually light touch. She selects good fibre to string her posies on, and she pushes them close together along the string, gives you full measure of her fragrant wares.

Lei-making for long has been a regular business among the natives. But for years the lei-makers of Honolulu did not have stalls or stands for their wares, just took possession of the sidewalk in front of the Japanese and Chinese stores along the narrow streets here and there. They sat on mats on the sidewalk and fashioned

their wreaths, and from the sidewalk made their sales. From early morning till nightfall they sat doubled up on their mats stringing and disposing of their leis; now and then, when there was a lull in trade, lying down for a needed rest and doze.

Many of them lived high up in the valleys where water is abundant and flowers flourish. A real native garden is very interesting, the walks bordered by ti, that tall, queer-looking tropic shrub, whose long firm leaves are put to many uses by the adaptable Hawaiian. In those old gardens there is no beginning or end to the flowers, blooming in beds, over verandas, and on top of the wall of lava-rock that surrounds the place; roses and tube-roses; lilies, the red amaryllis and the stately calla; great clumps of spider lilies, a white flower with many delicate ghostly arms; stephanotis and gardenias; the Mexican creeper, with flowers the color and texture of pink crepe; the alamanda vine, its large yellow blooms hid in thick glossy leaves; heliotrope and pansies; then last, but first with Hawaiians, the ilima, that orange-colored flower dear to every native of the land.

Very early in the morning the flowers were picked and packed in big baskets with ferns and maile, that odorous mountain vine in high favor with all the Hawaiians. Then the lei-makers with their fragrant burdens, their mats and their poi, the chief native food, would start for their quarters on the streets down town; there to camp for the day, there to sell both cut-flowers and leis, as the fancy of the buyer might choose.

In the good old days leis were unbelievably cheap. The average lei was perhaps a yard long, but not uncommon were leis measuring five feet. In the good old days two long maile leis could be bought for fifty cents: three carnation leis sold for a quarter, a rose and fern lei for a quarter, and three ilima leis for a quarter. The violet lei was the expensive one, a single lei requiring hundreds of tiny blossoms and violets then selling at one cent apiece. Now fresh leis are expensive in general, and are to be searched for rather than come upon at every turn.

Steamer-day always brought the leis out in great numbers, as both in welcome and farewell they were called upon to play their part. As the steamer approached land the stranger watching

the people down on the wharf, thought they formed a very picky-looking crowd; old native men and women with long wreaths of glossy green leaves over their shoulders; a young native with a band of fresh carnations about his hat; off there a white girl with a garland of yellow flowers reaching below the waist of her white gown. On landing, the stranger passed a gang of roustabouts already at work unloading the cargo, and the hats of these big fellows were adorned with blossoms. Just outside the gate the portly native driver who steered the way to the hotel, had not only a carnation in his buttonhole but also a wreath of carnations about his hat. Old and young, men as well as women, naturally, unconsciously, wore their flowery wreaths.

And the native boy who with numbers of companions swims out a little way into the harbor to meet the passenger steamers, even he there in the water had thrown over one shoulder a long wreath of glossy green leaves. Naturally, unconsciously, the boy in the water wore his leafy adornment; which did not appear to bother him in the least as he swam about studying the

passenger decks in expectancy of a shower of coin, or as he dove down after the bestowal of the coin. Steamer-day and leis went together, he was doing the usual thing in wearing a lei.

Some of the leis worn by the old-style natives are not attractive to the newcomer. A favorite with the old-style folk is made of a string of fruit instead of flowers; the fruit of the screw-pine. The orange-color of the fruit is good, but because of the size and stiffness it makes a clumsy sort of decoration. Another lei favored by some of the natives is a string of polished candle-nuts; and these, too, seem a crude sort of ornament.

On the other hand various of the seed leis are admired both by native and outsider: among these should be mentioned those made of the mimosa seed, the latter small, of a rich brown color and a polished surface: also those of the scarlet seed of the black-eyed susan; while an especial favorite is the one fashioned of the seed-pods of the mokihana, which pods dry a pleasing brown and remain fragrant for years. The latter are preserved by the traveller long after he leaves the islands. And ever when he comes

across the string of dry berries and there arises from them that odor like the scent of sandalwood, his thoughts turn back to the land of the lei, to Hawaii.

IX

HAWAII NATIONAL PARK

HAWAII National Park, created by the Federal Government of the United States, was dedicated in 1921. It consists of sections on two islands; an area on the island of Maui, and areas on the island of Hawaii.

Of the various National Parks set aside by the United States as spots to be preserved because of special beauty or wonder, not one is of greater beauty and greater wonder than the Hawaiian National Park. Here are to be found the two greatest active volcanic craters in the world and the largest extinct crater.

The former are found on the island of Hawaii, the latter is on the island of Maui. Maui, second in size of the group, lies between Honolulu and the island of Hawaii. Maui is famed for its narrow mountain valleys, for its mountain heights that rise sheer from the sea, and most of

all for the crater of Haleakala, "House of the Sun."

A visit to Haleakala is a visit one never can forget. On the side toward the sea the mountain rises in such bulk and to such heights, that its bigness alone fills the mind with awe. Other mountains of greater height do not seem so impressive as the dark mass of Haleakala looming above the waters.

The Hawaiian Isles are of volcanic origin and there are high mountains on each one. In Europe only a few peaks of the Alps are as high as Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, while Haleakala is about equal to Mt. Ætna in extent and elevation. Hawaii contains the highest mountains of any island in the world.

The island of Maui is made up of two mountain masses connected by a low, flat isthmus. Steamers land passengers at a port on the isthmus, and from the little landing-place the climb to the summit of Haleakala is made by gradual ascent at first and a steep grade later. A short railway line carries the traveller a few miles inland, an automobile speeds him on up the mountain more miles, and then he must take to horse-

back travel. The little island horses are sure-footed and used to mountain trails. Sturdily they climb up through the ranch lands, on and on until horse and rider are well above the clouds. Backward the island lies outspread, beyond this the sea island-dotted, clouds billow below and all around, and close now stands the summit, over ten thousand feet above sea-level.

At the crest the traveller finds himself on the rim of a mammoth bowl, the greatest extinct crater that man can look upon. The traveller looks down into a vast crater two thousand feet deep, the rim of which measures more than twenty miles around. Though the fires are dead, the place where once they raged is wonderfully colored. The colorful depths are silent and mysterious. Some travellers descend to see at close range lava flow, cones and cinder banks, but the trip is not an easy one; the average traveller contents himself with a night at the summit, with sunset and sunrise view therefrom.

And he feels himself well repaid as at evening he watches the battling of the clouds below, the shadows deepen over the island of Maui outspread before him, and the fading away of the

island-dotted sea beyond. While all who journey to the "House of the Sun" treat themselves to the coming forth of the sun, followed by the lighting up of an island world of rarest beauty. And from the summit of Haleakala all the islands of the group save Kauai are visible on a clear day, and this view alone is worth the toilsome climb.

To make the descent into the crater and the journey to the other side, requires a guide of experience, one who knows how to find his way across the desert sand and lava desolation. There are two gaps through which the lava long ago made its way to the sea instead of filling up the crater. One gap descends abruptly to the sea, the other more gradually. At the east end of the crater are found trees and water and good fodder for animals. Elsewhere in that vast crater there is an absence of vegetation, save that scattered here and there grows the "silver-sword," a velvety, silvery plant as beautiful as it is rare, and it is found nowhere else in the world save here and on the slopes of Mauna Kea. It is earnestly hoped that visitors will not be so eager to carry away the silver-sword from



TREE-FERNS IN HAWAII NATIONAL PARK

Note the size of the sailors in the background.

Haleakala as to cause it to become extinct.

Now crossing over to the largest island, the traveller may land at the port of Hilo and from Hilo make his pilgrimage to the sections of the Hawaii National Park situated on the island of Hawaii. These include the Mauna Loa Section, the Kilauea Volcano, and the Kau Desert, the latter a lava-made desert.

No hint is there of lava desert, of lava-flow, or lake of fire as the traveller sets forth on the thirty-mile motor trip from seaport to the edge of the crater wherein lies a fiery pit. The drive is along a highway shut in by the greenest of vegetation, by a tropical abundance of verdure and bloom. First one speeds past lush cane-fields, then comes to the spongy trunks of tree-ferns, their giant fronds drooping over the road. Then there are numbers of trees that bear blossoms like tufts of crimson silk, and amid their leafiness and bloom sharp eyes can make out the flitting of birds the same color as the blossoms on which they feed. Giant bird's-nest ferns grow high in the crotch of tall trees, and high in trees grows a parasite with long, sword-like leaves.

The farther one goes the greener the land

seems. And no wonder the vegetation is so dank; for the locality about the Volcano House is the wettest place one can imagine. The trees drip continuously, the grass wets one to the knees, the flower-cups overflow, the ground is black with moisture. And this at the rim of a crater!

The little hotel is perched close to a brink, hundreds of feet below which lies the floor of the crater. To the right towers the second highest mountain in Hawaii, Mauna Loa, as a rule quiet and ghostly with its veiling clouds. The traveller looks about for some sign of volcanic action, and amid the surrounding greenness notes puffs of white vapor every here and there. This vapor issues from cracks in the earth, openings apparently bottomless. While in the bath-houses attached to the hotel, fumes from mysterious depths are turned to use in giving sulphur-baths. And near by extend yellow sulphur-banks, soft, hot, and overpoweringly strong.

A few rods in front of the hotel the traveller stands on the brink of the crater, a bowl almost eight miles in circumference. A floor of rough,

lead-colored lava lies below. The traveller descends to this floor, following a steep path bordered by shrubs, vines and ferns. At the foot of the path, down there at the bottom of the bowl, spread out frozen waves of lava. The traveller must journey about three miles over this rough sea ere he reaches the edge whence falls the drop to a fearsome pit, or to a lake of fire, as the case may be. The air is cold, but the red-rimmed cracks crossed now and then send up heat. Sometimes off ahead white and blue smoke uprise, the air is heavy with sulphur fumes. The heat underfoot increases, the lava becomes more brittle, one walks more carefully. At last the traveller may hear the sound of something boiling and will proceed with caution. And soon he may look down upon a lake of fire!

The lake of fire may be far below, may be close to the edge of the cliff; or, rising unusually high, may overflow onto the floor of the crater. At the times a fiery lake is to be seen in the pit it changes its level constantly, and changes, too, in extent. When the writer first saw Kilauea in action it was a lake of fire half a mile across, hideous, scarlet, and most turbulent. Fiery

geysers were thrown up into the air, then fell back into the boiling, seething mass. When the cakes of lava cooled they floated about, and between them flowed streaks of red that looked like the great coils of a monstrous fiery serpent. Though the level of the lake was two hundred feet below, the heat scorched one's face, one could hear the waves break at the foot of the cliff and feel them shake the ground under one's feet.

The volcano in action is ever fearsome to behold, but travel here is regarded as unusually safe, almost no accidents having been recorded. The journey nowadays may be made, too, in all comfort. There is an excellent motor road by which the traveller, if he choose, can take the trip from the hotel practically to the edge of the cliff that overhangs the pit. This road winds about and makes a gradual descent down into the crater, then crosses the floor and ends close to the edge of what may be called the bottomless pit. Whether the journey be pursued afoot or by car, whether Kilauea be wide awake or merely drowsing, the traveller will find himself fully repaid by a visit here.

Beautiful for situation is the Kilauea section of the Park, there on the side of Mauna Loa—"Long Mountain." The cloud-veiled mountain summit and mountain mass is of grandeur; while the tropical greenness along the Volcano Road and about the Volcano House, bring into sharp contrast that great deep hole with its lava desolation, its steam vapors and sulphur fumes, and the distant blackness that marks the drop down to the pit.

The native trees, birds, and flowers that abound in the Kilauea section of the Park, are of much interest and beauty. The coco palms by the coast give way to the tree-ferns that grow in such numbers as to be spoken of as the fern forest of the Volcano Road. In Bird Park, an area of less than one-hundred acres, are to be found several varieties of Hawaiian trees. Here may be seen an occasional sandalwood; here abounds the native tree that glows with blossoms like crimson pompons; and here one can look upon fine specimens of the Hawaiian mahogany, the koa, in the old days much in demand by the maker of canoe and of surf-board. And about

the Volcano House one may gather an abundance of red and yellow ohelo berries, larger but similar to bog-cranberries.

When speaking of volcanic activity in the Hawaiian Islands, the three names used are sometimes found confusing. Mauna Loa is a mountain mass which rises high in air, to an elevation of 13,650 feet. Only four thousand feet up its slope lies the Volcano of Kilauea. Away at the top of the mountain lies the crater of Mokuaweoweo, which ranks next to Kilauea in size, but which is only infrequently active.

The trip from the Volcano of Kilauea to the summit of Mauna Loa is usually begun on horseback. It is a strenuous climb, and at an elevation of ten thousand feet a little rest-house has been set up, in the shelter of a cinder-cone. On leaving Kilauea the trail leads through the leafiness of the Koa Forest, on through Bird Park, a wonderland of trees, and a place that in the season provides the traveller with a wealth of thimble berries and ohelo berries. Above Forest and Park, at an elevation between six thousand and seven thousand feet, a scrubby growth takes the place of the fine trees of the lower levels.

Here follows a steep hard climb over rough lava with a long pull up a cinder slope, then a halt for the night at the rest-house set in the cinder-cone.

Twelve miles of hiking up a long slope brings one at last to the summit rim. And now the traveller looks down into another great crater with expanses of black lava, with pits and cones. Here, too, are the yellow sulphur banks and the clouds of steam; and one feels the heat from numberless cracks and crevasses.

On the top of Mauna Loa, the ice and snow contrast sharply with the parching heat rising from the cracks in the lava, with the hot vapor and the yellow sulphur-banks. Hawaii's snow-capped mountains bring to that land in the subtropics some reminder of Arctic cold and Arctic aspect. And those who dare the topmost trails must count cold as one of the hardships of the adventure.

When the summit crater is active, the activity generally lasts but a few days, and generally is followed by a lava-flow down the mountain side. But drowsing or in action, both craters are spectacles of the greatest interest.

On the occasions when a bright light glows

upon the side of Mauna Loa, dwellers in view thereof know that again a lava-flow has broken through. Often the flow breaks through quietly and lasts but a short time. But there have been eruptions and flows of great violence and threatening. In 1868 an eruption began in the summit crater and was attended by a series of earthquake shocks. At length came one terrific shock that shook down all the stone walls and nearly every house in the district of Kau. In one portion of the district it caused what was known as the "Mud-Flow." From a water-soaked precipice at the head of a valley an enormous mass of marshy clay was broken off, and in the course of a few minutes time swept down a distance of three miles in a stream about half a mile wide and thirty feet deep in the middle. Immediately following this a disastrous tidal wave rolled in upon the coast of Kau. Then at a point more than half way down the mountain side lava burst forth with fountains spurting hundreds of feet in air. The lava flowed on to the sea and destroyed thousands of acres of good land.

Flows sent out from the summit crater have several times threatened the little seaport town of

Hilo, the flow sometimes sluggish and lasting for many months, keeping the people in suspense as little by little it drew nearer and nearer. Lava-covered regions and lava-flows form a striking feature of the island of Hawaii; are scattered widely on this island of several mountain masses. As the traveller rides over the desolated regions, and looks abroad upon nothing but desolation, he ponders on those forces that now drowse, now awaken to such fierce life. And he thinks it the most natural thing in the world that the natives of Hawaii feared and bowed down to a dread goddess of fire, to Pele—Pele, whose streaming hair still may be seen at the Volcano of Kilauea!

X

HAWAII'S INVITATIONS

HAWAII has many beautiful valleys worth visiting, many views of mountain and water worth seeing. Numberless are the luring places on these islands which seem so tiny to the outside world.

And there is variety to keep you interested, to lead you here, there, and everywhere. One island differs from another, whilst on the same island leeward side is very unlike windward. Down by the sea drowsy airs may slow your pace, but climb to those looming heights and you will find new energy, new life.

It is the custom among dwellers in the islands to go abroad for change of air, but a custom not born of necessity. For in this land of the highest mountains of any islands in the world, heights can be gained where the year round there is a snap to the air. At the Volcano House, only four thousand feet up from the sea, even in mid-

summer a fire is needed at evening, though day times you may wander around coatless and hatless. And up some two or three thousand feet higher, the nights are cold rather than cool.

Yet just a few miles down from these heights and there will be sea-bathing practically three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. An occasional storm may roil the waters, make them for the time being uninviting, but the temperature will never be low enough to interfere with a daily dip.

As to the matter of too much heat? Yes, there are oppressive days, south-wind days when feet lag and spirits droop; but take the year through, there probably will be found here as many comfortable days out of the round of days as any other place on the globe. While—save for those now-and-then south-wind periods—the evenings and nights are delightful. Mary Dillingham Frear, Island born and Island dweller, shows how the contrasting winds bring contrasting moods—

THE SOUTH WIND

The wind is in the south to-day
Ah, me! Ah, me!

I'm wishing me a league away!
 The wind is in the south to-day
 'And mournfully doth sing his lay
 The sea! The sea!
 The wind is in the south to-day!
 Ah, me! Ah, me!

THE TRADE-WIND

Rustle, red leaves on the mango-tree;
 The world is glad and my heart is gay;
 The trade-winds, faithful, strong and free,
 Rustle red leaves on the mango-tree,
 Toy with the waves of the laughing sea,
 And lift the hair of the child at play.
 Rustle, red leaves on the mango-tree!
 The world is glad and my heart is gay.

It is the faithfulness of the trade-winds, boisterous and rough yet kindly withal, that gives the fresh, vital airs to Hawaii down there in the sub-tropics, that allows the climate to be truly called inviting. Evenings and nights when the trades blow, it is joy just to be alive and out of doors. Small wonder, then, that on moonlight nights the natives find it hard to go to bed at all, that so many of them, strumming guitar or uku-lele, the night long stroll the narrow fragrant

lanes or grassy roadside, their voices raised in song.

Landing in Honolulu, you eagerly set forth to explore the little town. The residence portion shows many charming houses, their deep verandas decked with luxuriant tropical ferns and plants. Roses once grew here in profusion, but the Japanese beetle came and worked such havoc that the rose is now a comparatively scarce flower. Oleanders, here growing marvellously tall as well as marvellously bunchy, lift in the air the heavy sweetness of their white or rose bloom, add richly to the general colorfulness. The hibiscus hedges are vivid and tropical, whilst the blossoming trees prove of novel interest. Some of the latter bloom the year round, but the most beautiful along in April, May and June. The Golden Shower, a tall tree, has long delicate sprays of pale yellow flowers and in the sunlight seems like sunlight itself. The *Cathartocarpus*, when its bare branches are covered with the fragrant, rose-pink buds, reminds the visitor of peach trees in bloom. The Pink Shower and the blue of the *Jackaranda* are exquisite. The *Ponciàna Regia* burns with scarlet flowers and the road below is

red with fallen petals. The monkey-pod tree, in its season decked with pompon blossoms, is a joy to look upon; it is so leafy, so wide-spreading. As you drive along the streets of Honolulu and see the flower branches glorifying dingy alley, gray roof and former palace, you marvel at the lavish loveliness. And in winter the Bougainvillea, that vine that covers great arbors and climbs to the top of tall trees, glows for months in a robe of brilliant majenta, or flings forth waving banners of softest old-rose, other banners of richest crimson.

The writer will never forget a spectacle she saw in Honolulu one moonlight night—the first night she stepped foot on the soil of Hawaii—a hedge of night-blooming cereus in full bloom, thousands of the great white blossoms gleaming on a wall of lava rock.

While in Honolulu, you will spend much time at the beach, and there become familiar with that gray old headland, Diamond Head. From Honolulu you will climb through dripping forest to Mt. Tantalus, from the top look out across wide channels to distant islands, dimly or clearly defined. Down again at sea-level, you will ex-

plore one after another the series of mountain valleys that form the background of Honolulu; and from the heart of these valleys you will climb up into forest stretches, or attempt a rocky mountain steep. And shortly you will visit "The Pali," at this pali, or precipice, look down a sheer fall of a thousand feet upon the other side of the island; upon land and water so colorful you rub your eyes to make sure the scene is real and not a dream.

You cross the mountain-gap and motor around the island of Oahu; and as you speed along, dark mountain walls deep cut by gulches, shut you in on one side, on the other the immeasurable sea outspreads. You follow and follow the coast journey almost the length of one mountain range. Now rounding a point you still keep to the coast for awhile, then enter upon a table-land between two ranges. The peaks of the second range challenge you to come and scale them, and some day it would be well to accept their challenge; for though these heights are not lofty, they are highly picturesque and not too accessible. On this round-Oahu trip the varying greens of rice fields, of cane fields, of pineapple stretches pass

before your eyes, sea and rainbow mist adding to the intense color. But it is all real, no dream, for there against the second range of mountains sprawls out the extent of the great army post. Wide expanses of pineapple growth, lush fields of sugar-cane, a view of the famous naval base of Pearl Harbor, and then you are back in Honolulu.

You have circled one island, and that only the third in size. The next larger, Maui, is called the Valley Island. Here is situated Iao Valley, whose emerald sides rise to a height of full 6000 feet. On Maui a visit must be made to that great extinct crater, described in the preceding chapter. And, afoot or ahorse, you should follow a marvelous trail, which, however, has a most commonplace name, is, unfortunately, called "The Ditch Trail." Along this you behold a wonderland of tropical vegetation; as well as make some acquaintance with the conquests of engineering by which an overplus of water in one region is captured and carried to distant wide thirsty fields beyond. But Valley, Crater, and Trail are by no means all of Maui, that double island of interests as strong as they are varied.



H. F. Hill

A MODERN ROAD IN HAWAII
The Pali, Island of Oahu.

Dwellers on Kauai are positive that their "Garden Island" is fairest island of them all. Here a high central mountain uprises, a mountain with "Grand Canyon" and smaller canyons, wonderful in coloring and of form. Forest, field and waterfall, coast line and mountain view, all these draw to Kauai lovers of natural beauty.

Hawaii, the Big Island, really to be known must be visited and revisited. There are here three great mountain masses, to be enjoyed both by those that look at them from afar and those that dare the hardships of their ascent. The Big Island boasts not only the two active volcanic craters described in the foregoing chapter; but also the highest mountain in all the Pacific, a mountain seldom to be seen without a snow-cap. The round-the-island trip here is replete with interest: you wend your way through green coffee plantations, over miles and miles of ranch lands, through lava-covered wastes, then bowl along smooth highways in sight of both sea and mountain.

On personal acquaintance, Hawaii no longer means for you something small, mere tiny specks

in a wide waste of waters; but stands for lofty mountain masses, the snow of their tops lost amid the snow of the clouds; for beautiful valleys and fertile fields; for forests and flower-bedecked villages; for a peaceful little kingdom surrounded by sunlit sea. The encircling waters appear no longer waste and desolation, but a sparkling frame for the alluring isles they encircle. You carry away in your memory a truer picture of "The Islands," as well as a fadeless one.

GUIDE TO PRONUNCIATION

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a sounds like a in far
e sounds like a in ate
i sounds like i in police
o sounds like o in go
u sounds like o in do

All vowels are pronounced, save when ai and au are sounded as diphthongs; then ai is like ay in the word ay; au resembles ou in out. The accent usually is placed on next-to-the-last syllable. Some proper names take the accent on the final syllable. In a few words *w* has the sound of *v*.

aloha (ah lo'hah)
aole (ah o'lay)
elepao (el e pie'oh)
Haleakala (Hah'lay ah'kah lah')
Hawaii (Hah wy'ee)
Hawaiian (Hah wy'yan)
Hewahewa (Hay'vah hay'vah)
Hilo (Hee'low)
holoku (ho low koo')
Honolulu (Ho'no loo'loo)
Iao (E'ow')

ilima (ee lee'mah)
 imu (ee'moo)
 Kaahumanu (Kah ah'hoo muh'noo)
 kahuna (ka hoo'nah)
 Kaalualu (Kah ah'loo ah'loo)
 Kalakaua (Kah lah kow'ah)
 kahilis (kah hee'lees)
 Kalae (Kah lie'ee)
 Kalani (Kah lah'nee)
 Kamehameha (Kah may'hah may'hah)
 kanaka (ka nah'ka)
 Kapiolani (Kah pee'o lah'nee)
 Kapua (Kah poo'ah)
 Kauai (Kow'eye')
 Kau (Kah oo')
 Kealakekua (Kay ah'lah kay koo'ah)
 Keahi (Kay ah'hee)
 Keoua (Kay ou'va)
 Kila (Kee'lah)
 Kilauea (Kee low way'ah)
 Kinau (kee now')
 koa (ko'ah)
 Lai (Lie)
 Laka (Lah'kah)
 Laniwahine (Lah'nee wah hee'nay)
 lehau (lay hoo'ah)
 lei (lay)
 Leilani (Lay lah'nee)
 Lewa (Lay'va)

Liholiho (Lee'ho lee'ho)
Liliuokalani (Lee'lee oo oh'kah lah'nee)
Īmū (lee'moo)
Lono (Lo'no)
luau (loo'ow)
Lunalilo (Loo'nah lee'lo)
maile (my'lay)
makaloa (mah kah lo'ah)
makai (mah kai')
Maui (Mow'ee)
mauka (mow'kah)
Mauna Kea (Mow'nah Kay'ah)
Mauna Loa (Mow'nah Low'ah)
mele (may'lay)
Menehunes (men'ah hoo'nays)
Molokai (Mo'lo kye'ee)
mokihana (mo'kee hah'nah)
Mokuaweoweo (Mo'koo ah way'oh way'oh)
Momi (Mo'mee)
Nei (Nay)
Niihau (Nee ee how')
Nuuanu (noo oo ah'noo)
oe (o'e)
ohelo (oh hel'oh)
olona (oh low nah')
Oahu (Oh wah'hoo)
Opukahaia (O poo'kah high'yah)
Pahaku (Pa hah'koo)
Pauahi (Pau wah'hee)

Pele (Pe'le)

poi (poy)

Puhiula (Poo'hee oo'lah)

tabu (tah'boo)

tapa (tah'pah)

taro (tah'ro)

ti (tee)

Ukoa (Oo ko'ah)

Waikiki (Wy kee kee')

Waiohinu (Wy'o hee'noo)



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